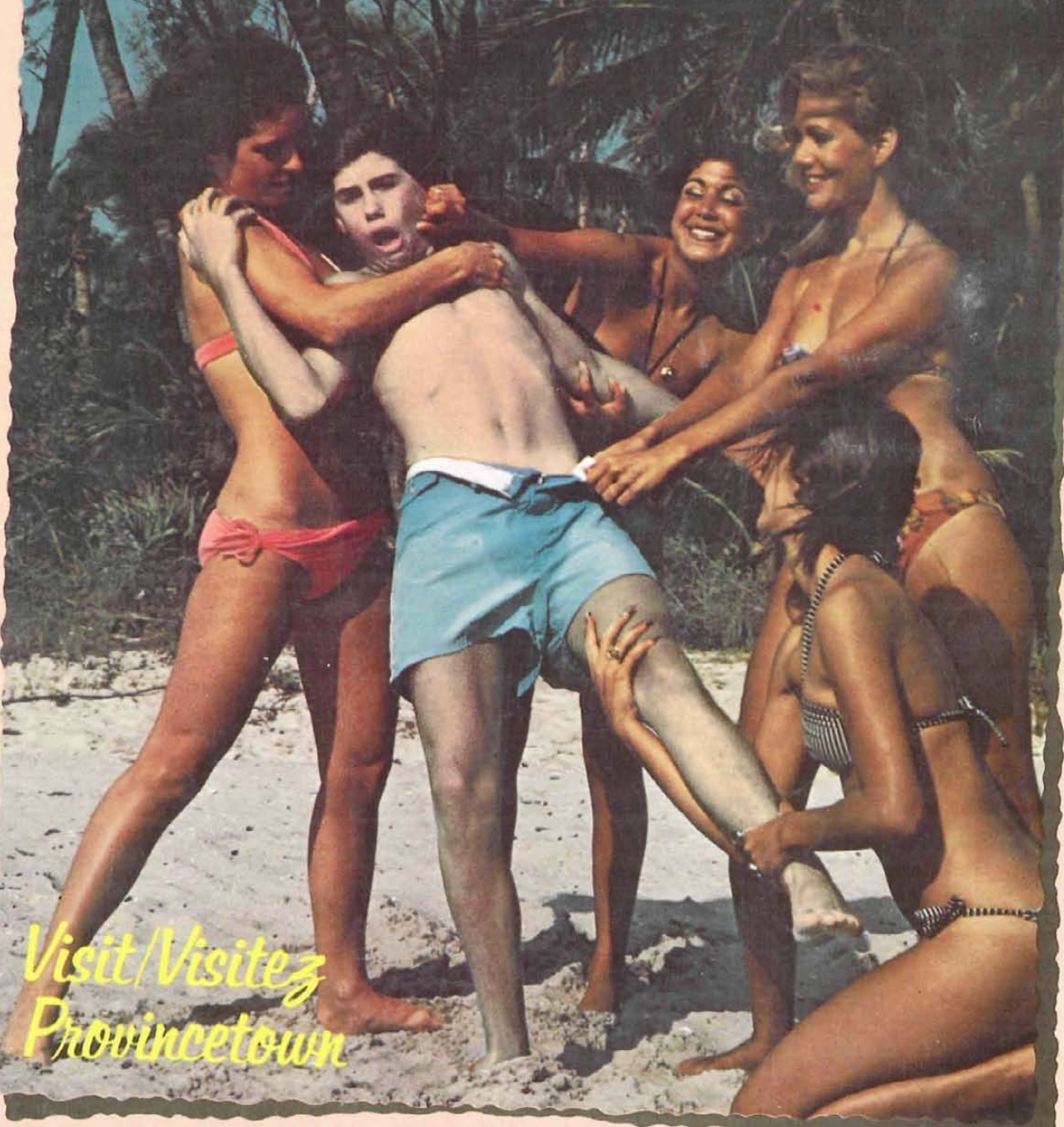


COMPULSORY SUMMER SEX ISSUE

**NATIONAL
LAMPPOON**

IND
34490

AUGUST 1976 THE HUMOR MAGAZINE \$1.00



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Provincetown*

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APR. '76.



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DREAM

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Produced by Lenny Waronker and Gordon Lightfoot
on Warner/Reprise records and tapes

You can buy a better turntable. The trouble with inexpensive turntables is that they're usually not very good. And the trouble with good turntables is that they're usually very expensive.

You can buy a less expensive turntable. Unlike most such dilemmas in the world of commerce, this one is capable of a satisfactory solution. Because Pioneer has just come out with the PL-112D. And you can own it for under \$100*.

But you can't buy a better, less expensive turntable. Admittedly, the PL-112D doesn't feature some of the ultrasophisticated goodies dear to the heart of the audio perfectionist. But it does meet the one indispensable requirement in a quality turntable. It adds nothing to and takes nothing from the sound of a high-fidelity system.

At the price, that's a minor miracle. It means you can use the PL-112D even with high-priced receivers, amplifiers or speakers. It won't make them sound less good.

*For informational purposes only. The actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

The construction details tell the story. The platter isn't one of those pressed-steel affairs. It's die-cast in aluminum alloy. The S-shaped tubular tone arm is finished like a precision instrument and has a full set of adjustable controls. The base is both handsome and solid as a rock.

But the heart of the PL-112D is a belt-drive system, powered by a 4-pole synchronous motor. It maintains outstanding speed stability and keeps the rumble level down to -50 dB (by the super-stringent JIS standard). Wow and flutter are below 0.07%. Those would be respectable figures for a turntable costing twice as much.

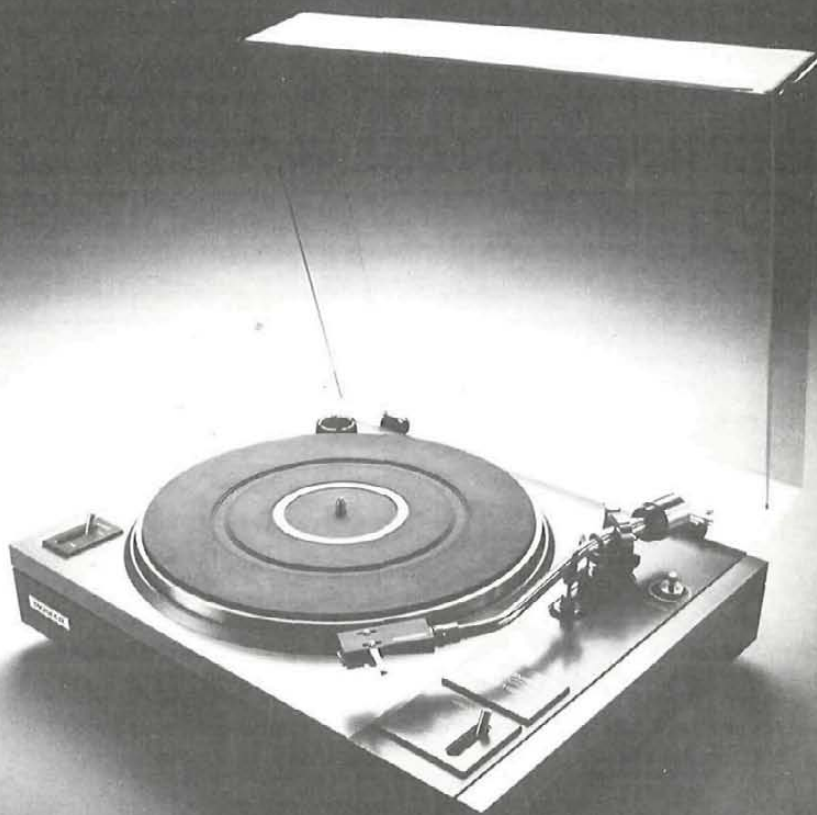
As we said, however, you can buy a better turntable. Like the fantastic new Pioneer PL-510 with direct drive, for under \$200* (Rumble level -60 dB!)

And you can also buy a less expensive turntable. But not from us. We don't make one.

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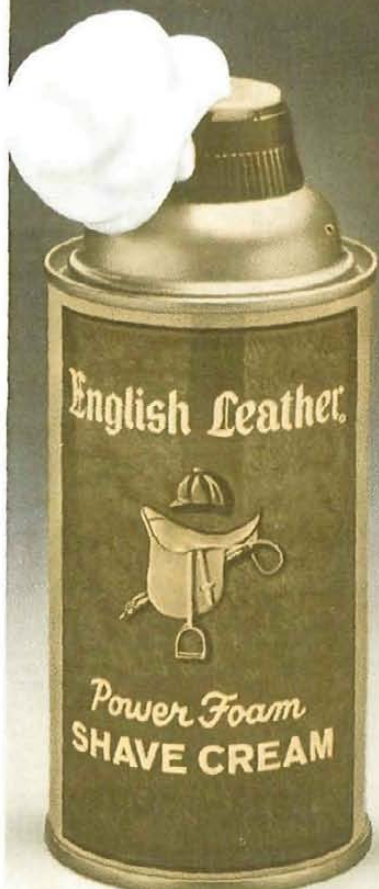
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PENIS PITY

by Anne Ardent, Feminist



Consider the penis. Consider it everywhere. Consider it in skyscrapers and smokestacks and baseball bats and hot dogs and strawberry popsicles and supertankers and the Washington Monument and trains going through tunnels and pneumatic drills and chimneys and Weimaraners' tails and telephone poles and trees, even, and big fat Havana cigars and, you know, that little thing on the top of a ballpoint pen that goes in and out and hammers, sort of, and elephants' trunks and English cucumbers and God, pepper grinders and broom handles and Coke bottles if you sort of squinch your eyes up and screwdrivers and candlesticks and even fire hydrants, if you have any imagination at all. Penises are everywhere. And do you think that I care? Well, I don't. Not at all. Really.

Oh, you think I care. Believe me, I've been told often enough that I care. I wasn't even five minutes into my first introductory psychiatry course when I first heard about penis envy. And then through ten years of school and internship and residency and analysis they never stopped telling me about penis envy. And if you think that having penis envy shoved down your throat every day for ten years is a laughing matter, you're wrong. But after a while, I began to realize what was going on. It was a conspiracy. They were trying to intimidate me so I wouldn't figure out the secret that would destroy them all. But I've found out what it is, and as a consequence have developed My Theory. The secret is this: penises are extremely

continued

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"Compulsory Summer Sex Issue."

Penis Pity

continued

silly and inconvenient things to have, and make men less able to deal with most situations than women. I call my theory Penis Pity. (It is not without a slight *frisson* of pride that I write those words for the first time. The day will come, I feel sure, when they will be engraved in bronze.)

Perhaps I should explain. The human body, in its most perfect (female) form, is a marvel of protective engineering. All the delicate bits are covered by bones and muscles or tucked somehow out of harm's way. The heart and lungs are inside the rib cage, the brain inside the skull, and the vagina between crossed legs*. You would have thought that the Maker would have been satisfied with that perfection: but in a streak of what can only be called sadistic whimsy, She created man. By the time She was through, She'd added on the penis. I don't know why. Maybe She had a hangover or a touch of the Midol blues. Whatever the reason, as a kind of cosmic custard pie, She tacked on the most vulnerable and important male reproductive organ right in the middle where anybody could get at it. You wouldn't want to walk around wearing your brain on the top of your head, would you? Then why should you want a penis?

Now, I know that there are scoffers reading this. And I know what you're thinking — "What does she know about penises? She's never had one." This argument is ridiculous. These days, it's impossible to avoid knowing about penises. When I've had enough of patients and psychiatric journals, I'm like anyone else. I like to escape by reading or going to the theater or movies. But what do I find wherever I go? Penises — everywhere.

The medical and psychiatric journals are the same. This month alone I've read papers on "The Penis and Political Power," "The Incidence of Impotence in Jackhammer Operators," "The Problem of Premature Ejaculation in Come by Chance, Newfoundland," and, as a token gesture to women, one called "Understanding the Clitoris: A Teensy Little Penis." And if that's not enough information, let's not forget the countless confidences I

*Women with big breasts are admittedly a little bit vulnerable, but that's their problem, not mine.

continued on page 14

Is it live, or is it Memorex?

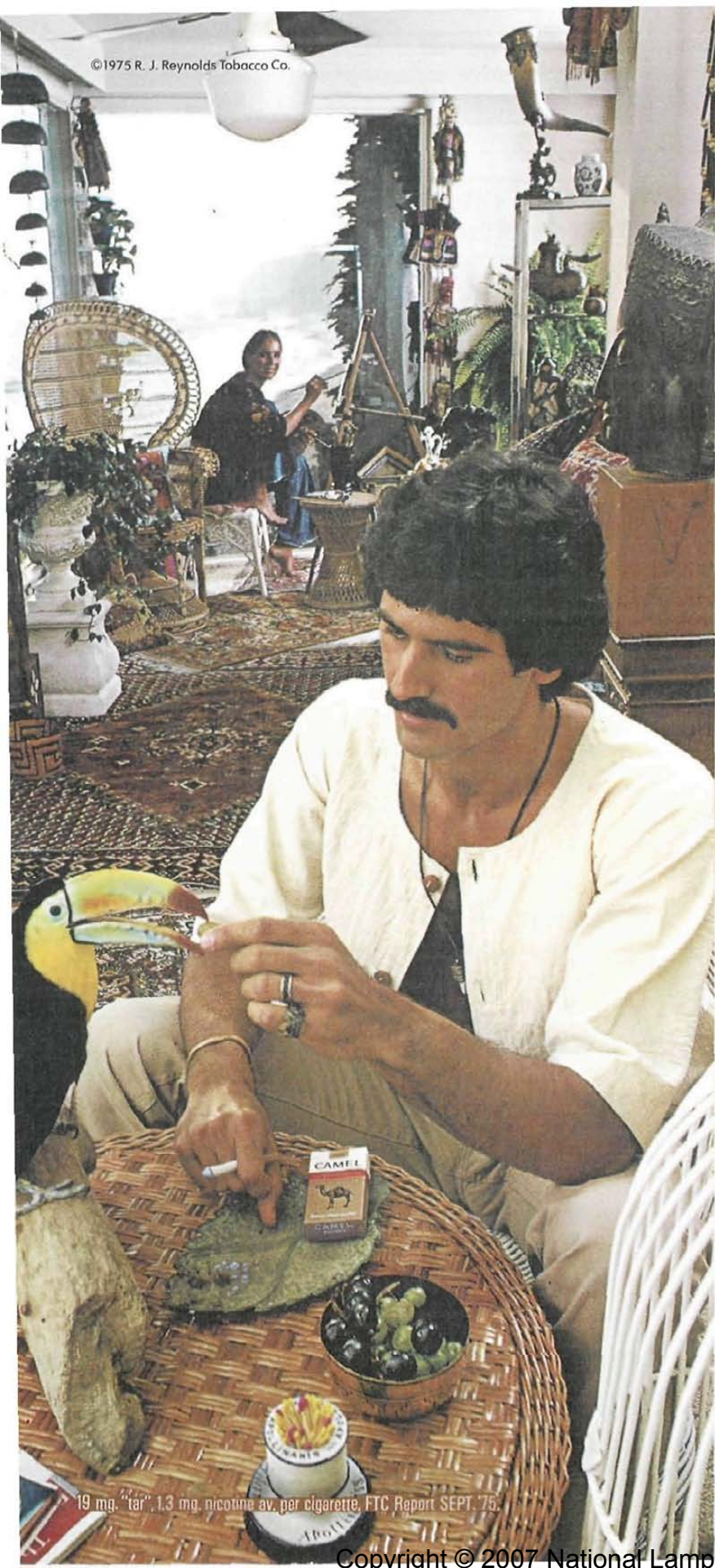


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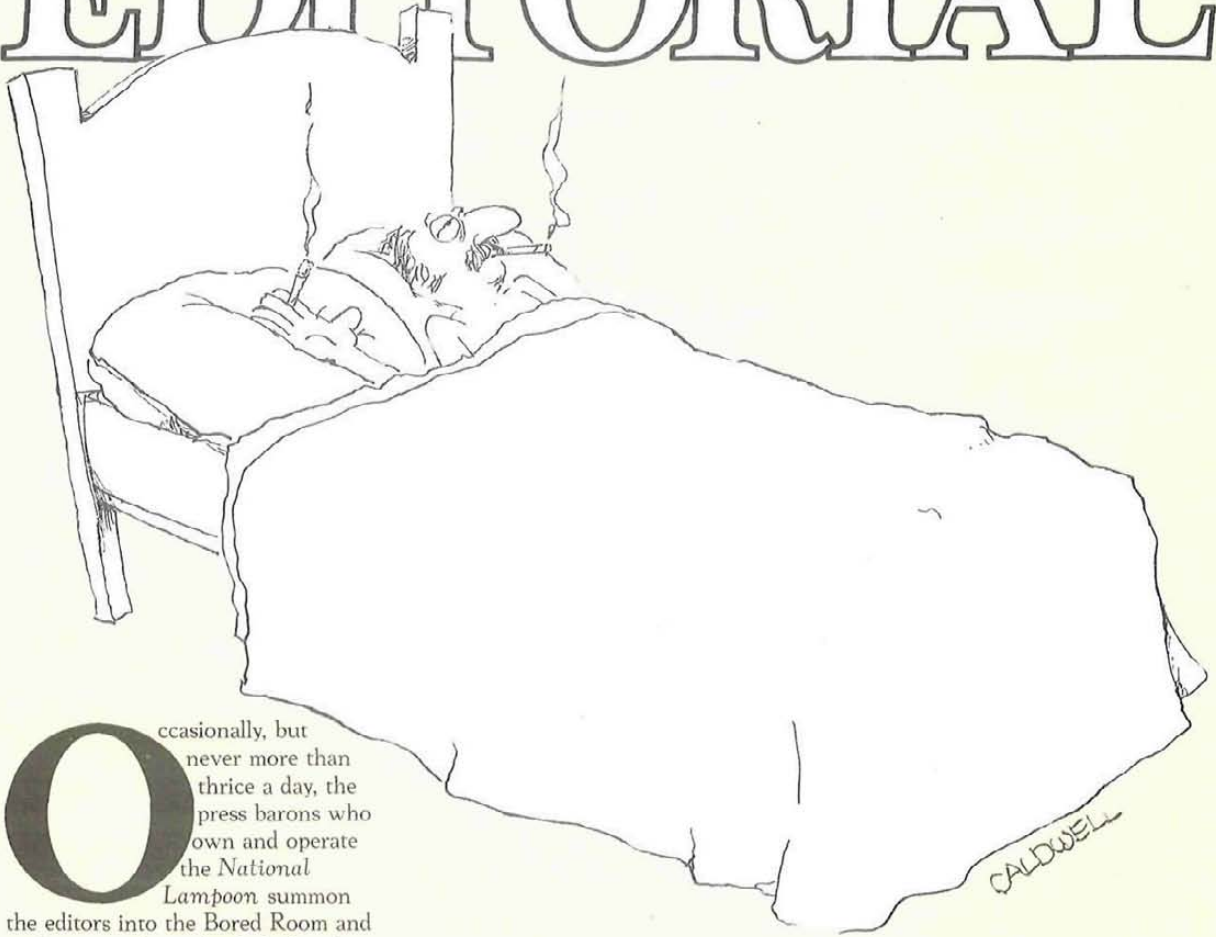


Turkish and
Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 76.

EDITORIAL



Occasionally, but never more than thrice a day, the press barons who own and operate the *National Lampoon* summon the editors into the Bored Room and perform a curious ritual, during the course of which they gibber and shriek incoherently while pointing to a chart on the wall. Upon this chart is our magazine's sales record for the last six years. The graph begins in the lower left-hand corner, ascends with dizzying steepness, and levels off to a long gradual incline, interrupted only by unsightly bumps, buttes, towers, obelisks—call them what you will. These aberrations, representing great surges in newsstand sales, coincide, we are given to understand, with our release of issues for the most part devoted to humorous observations, japes, and jests on the subject of the difference in gender among featherless bipeds, i.e., Sex.

The conclusion which management wishes us to draw is that we might, ought, nay, *must* produce more such issues, in the interest of something called, if I remember correctly, the cash flow.

Hence the Compulsory Summer Sex Issue.

But it occurs to us, gentle reader, to ask why this is the case. Why will a quarter of a million young Americans purchase this edition of our magazine, who did not buy last month's, and will not buy next month's? Can we compete with the avalanche of published aids to onanism upon the nation's newsstands? The nonbiodegradable pin-up girls of *Playboy*? The soft-locus courtesans of *Penthouse*? The amusing phallic-shaped root vegetables so beloved of *Oui*'s editors? The hookers of *Hustler*, in four-color gynecologically fascinating spreads? The vulvas of *Gallery*, the labia minora of *Club*, the fallopian tubes of *High Society*?

Surely if the adolescents of this great land are so poverty-stricken of the imagination as to require print and pictures to fire their libidos, there is a sufficiency of stroke books exercising the constitutionally guaranteed right to keep the female of the species reduced to her time-honored status of

pressed turkey roll?

Can it then be that 250,000 males, in spite of readily available print porn, skin flicks, massage parlors, life-like inflatable dolls, legalized prostitution, singles bars, gay bars, swingers clubs, legalized prostitution, and the pill-taking, liberated, orgasm-expectant girl next door, are jerking off over the *National Lampoon*?

Say not so!

Do not so!

For it is not yourself you are abusing (a wicked, atavistic Victorian concept, now abhorred by priest and shrink alike). It is *us* you are abusing.

S.K.

P.S. Re: Last month's issue: In the process of composing a thousand-word panegyric to his own inarticulateness, editor Peej neglected to tell you that (1) the jokes start on page 37; (2) "Scarlet Letters" is continued on page 99; and (3) the sharecroppers on page 52 are *Vietnamese* (get it?). □

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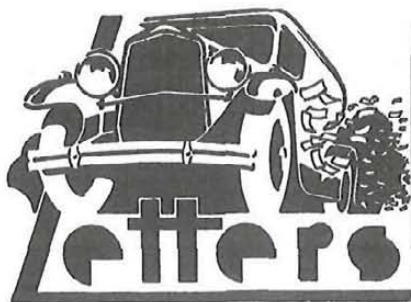
T
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The new album including "Shower The People," "Money Machine" and ten others.  on Warner Bros. records and tapes.

Produced by Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman.

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Sirs:

Someone shaved my wife tonight.
 Elton John
 Chelsea, Not in
 Knightsbridge Anymore
 London, S.W. 1, U.K.

Sirs:

It has come to our attention that in your December 1974 issue, devoted to obscenely mocking everything sacred to Christians, you depicted our Savior and his Apostles as Jews. Your kind of pestilence does not have a right to a place in the sun.

Sister A.J. MacCauley
 Americans Against Sacrilege
 in the Media
 Intercourse, Pa.

Sirs:

She was too fat to fall in love,
 but I was too drunk to know.
 Richard Burton
 Rum-Blossom-on-Cheeks, U.K.

Hi, 'Pooners!

Pete the meat here. Hope you got that sack of giggles I sent in and some dimbo the flying secretary didn't flush 'em down the fart-catcher. Things been pretty quiet out here in the mid-west but there's some pretty funny folks around like me. I'm working as an F.M. DJ till something more outrageous comes along. Actually, I got fired because I was too radical for the station heavies to handle, so they accused me of stealing sides and selling them. Now I'm not working, really. So I got a lot of time to come up with some real nutso-wacko stuff for you. Remember the stuff I came up with before about the Pope being a queer? Well, I haven't got the check yet. I know how it is in the boff biz, so don't try any fast ones on me, because I mailed a copy of the material to myself and it's copyrighted. Well, so long now, and tell accounting to put a rush on my check.

Pete Blog
 Ick, Neb.

continued

The staff of the NATIONAL LAMPOON
 wishes to thank the Academy
 for its very kind words
 on behalf of their forthcoming special edition,

**THE NAKED AND THE NUDE
 HOLLYWOOD AND BEYOND**

The NATIONAL LAMPOON special on the movies,
 which will be out shortly,
 is great but, in all modesty,
 it's not that great.



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Letters
continued

Dear Jerry Brown:
Webster's *Third New International Dictionary*: "Jesuit, 2: one given to intrigue or equivocation; a crafty person." I'm afraid the *Oxford English Dictionary* doesn't sound much better. Something on the order of "scheming and deceitful." My own definition is, "California safety-Nazi Zen-pawn candidate." Maybe you should try a direct appeal to a disillusioned public.

Martin Pole
Pole's *New Third International Dictionary*
North Pole, Ohio

Sirs:
Now I suppose you want to know who I'm fucking these days? Well, I'll be perfectly honest with you. Just the wife and kids.
Jerry Ford
1600 Pennsylvania Station

Sirs:
It's good to see some real funny humor and hilarious wittiness in your magazine for a change. For instance, the way that the chairman of the board of your corporation, Mr. Matty Simmons, very hilariously put down P.J. O'Rourke in his response to P.J. O'Rourke's July editorial about killing the people who own the *National Lampoon* was funny humor at its most hilarious.

Very Many Readers
All across the United States
(Ted—this goes on the first page of letters, or you can look for a pink breeze in your pay envelope. M.S.)

Sirs:
Operator, give me Information....
Information, give me Long Distance....
Long Distance, give me Heaven....
Heaven, put Jesus on the line!
Martha Mitchell
Sloan Kettering Institute
Cancerville, N.Y.

Sirs:
An eagle with a fart in its beak.
Sound impossible? Vote for me and sec.
J. Brown
"The California Candidate"
San Fernando's Hideaway, Cal.

Sirs:
We weren't cheating up here. Not really. My Lai, now that was cheating.
Class of '77
West Point, New York

Sirs:
Re your fine article on modern jazz ("Go, Cats, Go," Oct. 1953), you made just one boo-boo. The upright bass got its nickname *doghouse* back in 1937 when "Smokin' Roy" Tanner yowled, "I gots a brand-new doghouse and my turds are smokin'...." Turd was, of course, a metaphor for hand, since actual turds have never produced a pleasing tone on the doghouse.
Charley B. Parker
Birds-da-Word, New York

Sirs:
I'd really like to know why I'm even bothering to write this letter, since everybody knows that no one writes letters to the editors of the *National Lampoon* except the editors of the *National Lampoon*. That means that if this ever sees the light of day in real print, I probably didn't write it and I'm wasting my time again: God, and anyone else with half his wits, will know that you wrote it and forged my name. Ah—but if we wrote this letter, then how did you know what we were about to say? Hey, that's right. I couldn't have known, so I must have written it. Self-doubt is healthy and oh, damn it, our foot just fell asleep.

David Rockefeller
Dipstick, Pa.

Sirs:
The real name of the poor soul who signed the above letter *David Rockefeller* is *Gordon Michelob*. Mr. Michelob is under my care, suffering from the effects of over-exposure to radioactive honey, which was contaminated when the French Air Force accidentally hydrogen-bombed his apiary in the South Pacific.
As a result, Mr. Michelob has been experiencing acute schizophrenia compounded by multiple personality conflicts, which causes him to vacillate between believing he is David Rockefeller, and believing he is the editors of the *National Lampoon*.

On the day which Mr. Michelob believes he wrote to you, he was heavily sedated and immersed in a colloidal suspension of Epsom salts and lead filings, so, as you see, he could not possibly have written that letter, which only proves my point that it must have been written by the editors of the *National Lampoon* as was the—oh, damn it, our foot fell asleep again.

Dr. Christiaan Barnard
In-a-White-Neighborhood
South Africa

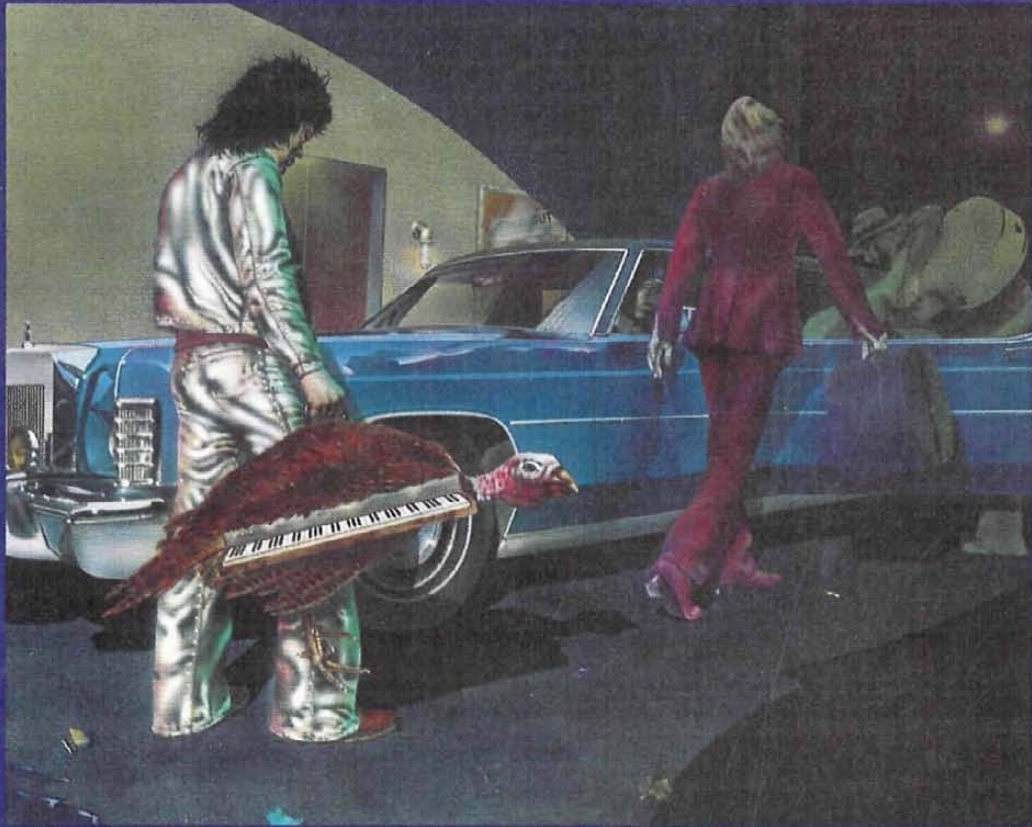
Sirs:
Confidential to Harry Winkler:
Remember what happened to Sal Mineo. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!
A Knife-Wielding Queer
Malibu Beach Party Gang, Cal.



Sirs:
Michelle Phillips, please come back. I still love you.
Dennis Hopper's Dog
Death Row
ASPCA Kennels
New Mexico

Sirs:
I didn't do anything wrong with that Elizabeth Ray woman. Honestly I didn't. I swear I didn't. I would never have done that. I *couldn't* have done that. You *know* I didn't do that because I'm queer. Oh my God, what have I said! Oh no... oh... I bet I'm really in trouble now...
Representative Wayne Hays
Smithfield, Ohio

What's wrong with this picture?



1. The guitar case contains \$50,000 in cash.
2. The musicians aren't wearing platform shoes or turquoise jewelry.
3. The limo only has an AM radio.
4. The turkey is not as portable as it looks. Not like a Rhodes which neatly packs into suitcase-like units. The turkey won't travel 10,000 miles between tune-ups or require minimal maintenance on the road. A turkey can't easily be timbred with a screwdriver, and it won't blend beautifully with guitar, bass, reeds, brass, vocals and drums either. But a Rhodes does all that stuff. Let's face it. A turkey doesn't exactly feel at home in giant rock concerts. Even if they're outside. That's why no rock star in his right mind would take a turkey on the road. He'd take a Rhodes.
The Rhodes, played by **82% of the hitmakers 260 weeks in a row.***



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For a full-color poster of this ad, send \$1 to Rhodes, Box 17479, Irvine, Ca. 92713.

* Billboard Magazine top 10 LPs with electric or electronic pianos.

Penis Pity

continued from page 7

hear from men daily, both in and out of my office. All the problems of all those sick and unhappy men out there can be directly attributed to that most unfortunate appendage. People don't go crazy because of the size of their toes, do they? A dysfunctional elbow is hardly likely to lead to dangerous and antisocial behavior. But the penis! It can get you into just about every kind of trouble there is. Not only does it make men physically vulnerable, it gives them a psychological handicap that few can overcome. The two main problems with the penis have to do with size and function. (Other areas, like circumcision, crookedness, and warts, are no less fascinating, but I'll limit this narrative to the big two.)

Men worship sheer size. In everything from penises to cars, it seems, bigger is better. (It never seems to occur to them that small cars are sportier, more practical, and easier to park.) In adolescence, they compare penises, argue over a millimeter's difference, and socially rank themselves in ascending order of size. As grown men, they sneak peeks at strangers at

the next urinal and speculate endlessly about show business personalities, corporation presidents, and athletes. "Is it true that Negroes have bigger ones?" they wonder... "or men with big noses? or long middle fingers? or bald heads? or deep voices?" The speculation, of course, has no basis in fact, and all it does is drive Negroes with big noses and small penises to despair and eventual suicide.

Perhaps a few case histories would interest you. First consider Webster B., thirty-seven, a building supply company president. When he was ten, his penis began to grow. Soon it was larger than all of his chums', and he became something of a celebrity at Boy Scouts. It was bigger than his father's by the time he was thirteen, and still growing. The added confidence helped him at first, but soon he had become a bully and a gang leader—all because of the awesome reputation of his enormous penis.

At college, he was nicknamed Albert Hall, because of the size of his organ, and his success continued. He didn't have much luck with girls, who were understandably repelled by his size. The army followed graduation, then professional football, so it wasn't

until he was twenty-nine that he had to leave the world of men and many things. He married, and rose quickly in his father-in-law's firm. His wife's refusal to have a son precipitated the crisis that led to his present situation. The day after his third daughter was born, he was arrested in an incident involving unmentionable acts with sailors, hockey players, sheep, and an entire string quartet from Cleveland. Fortunately, the episode was hushed up. He began to follow his vice-presidents to the men's room and give dictation with his fly undone. His final shame didn't come until a particularly revolting exhibition at the Annual Rotary Awards Banquet. Since that unspeakable occasion, he has been in a hospital for the sexually disturbed in the midwest. It's probably for the best. He gets along well with the other inmates, and has been made captain of the basketball team.

On the other hand, let's consider the case of Joe L., thirty-two. Joe has an extremely small penis, which has caused him untold grief since puberty. Even the girls in his high school called him Teeny Weeny, and he avoided all the hearty camaraderie of the locker room. He overheard enough while changing behind the door for gym to realize that he would never have a chance with girls, so he stayed away from them, too. His refuge was the Mind, and he went through high school at the top of his class. He went on to a prestigious university on a Merit Scholarship, and while there found his weapon. He and his classmates (who had, without exception, penises as small as Joe's) found their release through humor. He is now a top television comedy writer, and a profoundly unhappy man. He avoids public washrooms and makes bad jokes about women with large breasts.

These are extreme examples, of course, but they follow the general pattern. Men with large penises are likely to experience disappointment with maturity and turn to homosexuality, depression, and eventual madness. Those with small penises are over-reachers. It is among their ranks that you are likely to find rapists, mass murderers, presidential candidates, and Jerry Rubin.

Another penis problem revolves around function, especially in the areas of erection and ejaculation. I have known grown men who began to sweat and shake uncontrollably at

"The Legends That Paddy Sets Free."

Winkie Donovan
New York, New York

Congratulations, Winkie Donovan. You're a finalist in Paddy's First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition. Your winning entry, with the above title, is printed here as promised in Rules Of The Competition:

*Tongue of my country, unspoken, alive,
Taste of my grandfather's giving.
Legends eluding the dusty archive.
Ancient myths meant for the living.
Aengus and Fergus, the Countess Cathleen,
Ní Houlihan, sons of Wolf Tone.
O'Donovan Rossa (it had to have been)
Parnell and yes, Paddy your own.
Though green of your land is so far,
At the touch of the dream you can see
Your possessions, wherever you are,
Are the myths of that other country.
The legends that Paddy sets free.*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

If there's poetry in your soul, Paddy will bring it out.

Contest is open to all readers of this magazine except employees or their families of Austin, Nichols & Co., its affiliated companies and their advertising agencies. Nine finalists will be chosen from entries submitted before closing date of contest: September 29, 1976. Poems of finalists will appear, with your consent, in a future Paddy advertisement. Every entrant will receive an "Honorary Irish Poet" certificate. Judges will be appointed by Austin, Nichols & Co. Decision of the judges is final. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in home state. Offer void where prohibited.

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the memory of their inadvertent adolescent erections. There is nothing so emotionally scarring in the female experience. Menstrual breakthrough, pimples at the prom, having the boys read your diary, or losing a false pale to insignificance in comparison with the inadvertent erection at the beach, while dancing with a cheerleader, just before the bell rings in class, or during a championship basketball game. And these experiences are in their turn insignificant beside the problems men later face. You see, man can never escape the malevolent whim of his penis. No sooner has he gained control over the inadvertent erection than he has to face the dread impotence, about which I will say no more. Either you know more than you want to about it already, or you wouldn't understand anyway, and I don't want to worry you.

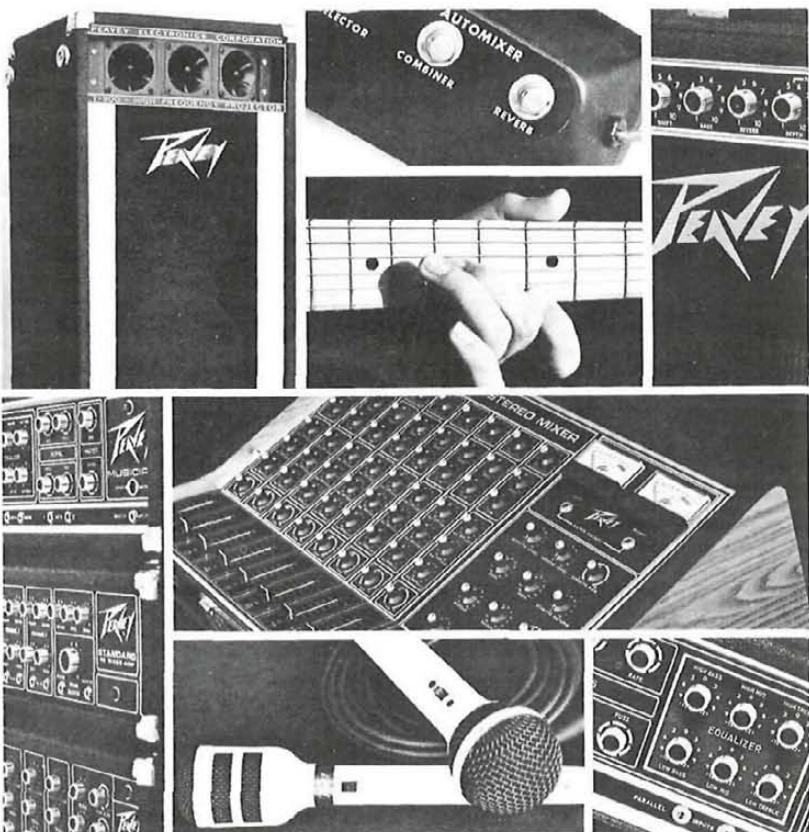
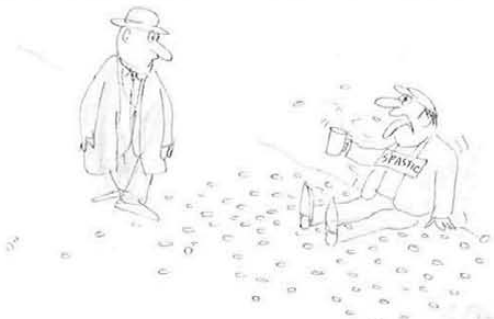
The root of the ejaculation problem also reaches back to earliest puberty, to that first waking up in a bed caked in hardened slime. It is hard for men to overcome the shame and revulsion of that moment later in life. (Let's face it, it is pretty disgusting. Thank God we women don't do anything like that.) Many men never do. They equate their sexuality with incontinence and become compulsive handwashers, breath fresheners, or dentists. But this is a minor problem compared to the schizophrenogenerative dilemma of timing. Consider the problem: in the formative years following puberty, boys are taught, through mutual masturbation rituals, or circle jerks, that the way to win is to ejaculate faster than anybody else. The winner in these games, however, like the man with the biggest penis, finds in later life that he can only lose. He becomes an object of scorn and pity, and his "problem" is talked about in hushed tones. Is it any wonder, then, that he, too, ends up on the psychiatrist's couch?*

I could go on, but I think I've given you enough evidence to support my theory. A person with a penis is a person to be pitied rather than envied. And I'm more than a little concerned about the positions of power and influence into which we've placed so many men. I for one worry that a top ranking officer in the United States Air Force could, while agonizing over dread impotence, make a decision that

*See my earlier article, "The Myth of the Male Orgasm."

would send our planes to drop (symbolic) nuclear bombs over Russia. I for one worry that my bank manager, because of the shame he feels over premature ejaculation, might embezzle my savings to give himself a sense of worth and a new start in Venezuela. And finally, I wonder if we ought

not reassess the requirements for electing our officials. Can we really be sure that a man won't go into the voting booth, suffer from an inadvertent erection, and make an irresponsible choice while under its influence? Can we, finally, trust men? I think not. □



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HAYS TO NATION:

Ask not what you can do for your cunt Ray; ask what your cunt Ray can do for you.

Washington, D.C.—In a last-ditch maneuver, Representative Wayne Hays (D—Ohio), still hard-pressed by the scandal of his purported affair with Elizabeth Ray, has asked Congress to declare the lissome no-lobe "national property."

In an exclusive interview with *The National*, Rep. Hays, who has refused to step down as Member at Large of the House Joint Committee, pointed out that he had never intended to keep Miss Ray all to himself. She was paid out of public funds, the extraordinarily well-hung Congressman pointed out, and so long as she was on the Congressional payroll, the comely cretin was available to any bona fide taxpayer. If this had not been clear while the public's hard-earned tax dollars were being poured into her, now was the time for Congress to rectify the situation. "John Q. Public," said Hays,

"and for that matter, Jane Q. Public, has every right to his or her slice of the hair pie."

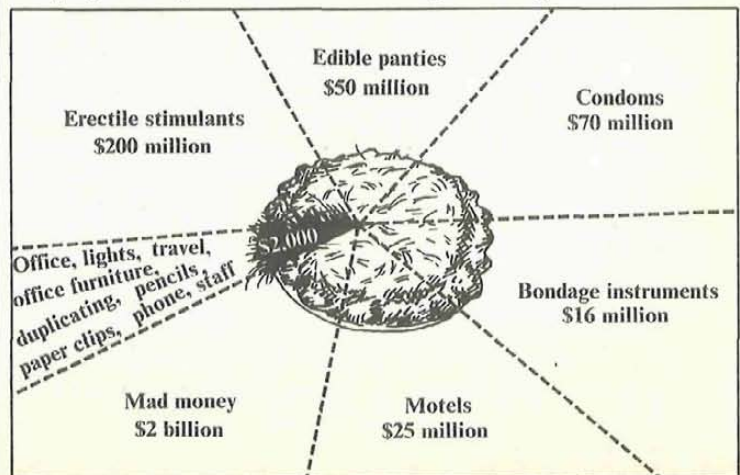
Hays's proposal, in effect, would make Miss Ray a national "agency, facility, or resource," along with the many thousands of other loopholes maintained at public expense—until now—for the exclusive use of elected officials in the nation's capital. Taxpayers who could produce properly prepared returns would be able to avail themselves of the agency facility or resource thus designated in direct proportion to the amount of tax they had paid. "Tax reform is long overdue in

this country," Hays declared, "it is time to stop concentrating on the idea of income tax, and instead to think of those dollars paid out as come tax."

Critics of the Hays plan, amongst them eunuch John Gardner of Common Cause, claim that the catch in the proposed legisla-

tion is the gearing of public access to Miss Ray and her "sisters" to the amount of tax paid. "Income determines outcome," said Gardner, "and that is not equitable." Gardner points out that the average taxpayer's slice of the action will be so small that the IRS would allow only the

briefest of strokes and/or licks to the vast majority of taxpayers. "What we're going to see here, in effect," added Gardner, "is an extension of the present withholding system. And this doesn't seem to be the time to put any further limits on public spending."



Your piece of the hair pie—Congressmen spends over \$2 billion yearly, but only two thousand goes to the business of the people.

Boering from Within

Johannesburg, S. Africa—In a nationwide broadcast, South African Prime Minister John Vorster announced the creation of a new racial category to include all white Rhodesians. The new designation, "Honorary Nonwhites," will go into effect November 1.

In making the announcement, Vorster stated: "This is entirely in keeping with South Africa's firm commitment to the principles of separate development. The Rhodesians have every right to make a suicidal last-ditch stand against the dark hordes, and we believe it is our duty to separate ourselves from that development."

In Pretoria, the Government Press Office announced plans for the construction of "Honorary Nonwhites Only" park benches, buses, and toilets. In addition, the creation of a tribal homeland in a remote section of Northern Zululand is projected, though no details are as yet available.

Rhodesian reaction was swift and highly critical. The general displeasure felt by most was expressed by one disgusted Rhodesian official who said, "Frankly, we don't consider being a non-

white in South Africa a very great honor at all."

Many commentators here were quick to point out the influence of U.S. Secretary of State Kissinger in this move. While the details

of the recent talks between Secretary Kissinger and Prime Minister Vorster are not known, it is generally understood that Vorster was encouraged to reevaluate his country's

long-standing alliance with the besieged Rhodesians. Some policy changes were observed after the talks, most notably the severing of rail links, trade agreements, and diplomatic relations with Rhodesia.

Whatever the background to this latest decision, it will be a bitter pill for Rhodesians to swallow. They are quick to see it as a betrayal of sorts, and the psychological damage may take years to assess. In particular,

the placing of resident Rhodesians in homelands is expected to damage their self-respect and perhaps ultimately prove a threat to their very survival. As Dr. Carl Anthrax, University of Witwatersrand anthropologist, put it, "Without the golf clubs, servants, and sports cars essential to these people, they may simply die out. Uproot them, deprive them of their way of life, and they may be as extinct as Bushmen inside of twenty years."

O.A.S. Leaders Hot over Carnage in Chile

The latest O.A.S. report, which strongly hints at the possibility of some torture of political prisoners in Chilean jails, has set off an explosion of protest in Latin America.

Paraguay's top cop, General S. E. Degrado de Carvo, told gathered newsmen, "If I could get my hands on these filthy torturers, I would stick their heads in cat urine and pierce their gonads with hot piano wire."

There has been a shock wave of similar reactions from tropical Panama to the storm-tossed Straits of Magellan. Chief Argentine crime-buster Albustin de Doro, who also heads up the O. A. P. S. (Organization of

American Police States), promised to "shove whole poison ivy plants up those torturers' anuses and make them run head-first into electrified barbed wire coated with swine dung."

The director of the Brazilian national police, General Gaol do Corpo e Sanghre, who also serves as the Supreme Avenger in the Bleeding Wound of the

Our Beloved Savior Death Squad, fumed at the clandestine atrocities of the Chilean junta. "These Chilean butchers are giving responsible dictatorships a bad name," railed Corpo e Sanghre. "In Brazil, we don't torture political activists in dank cellars. We take them to large public plazas and kick them and shoot them in the knees and the head."

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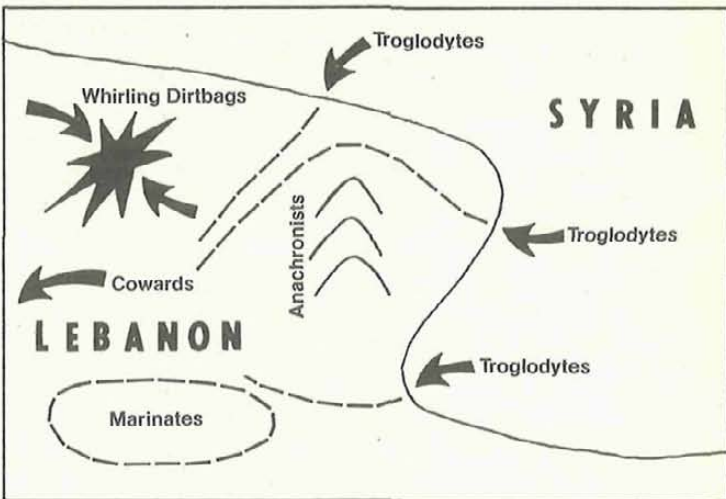
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Marinate Intervention Unlikely as Whirling Dirtbags Battle Gnostrils in Lebanon

The last remnants of the old Muscatelman empire were crumbling in Lebanon as the Syrians made a two-pronged sortie into that hot, dusty country. Lebanon, formerly dominated by the "Young Krocks," was threatened by an escalating conflict between that country's rival religious groups, the right-wing Christian "Gnostrils" and the left-wing Moslem "Whirling Dirtbags." The government of record in Lebanon, composed of orthodox Nurds, reportedly invited the Syrian invasion in return for which the Syrians made several important concessions concerning religious dogma.



The Syrians, mostly Troglodytes, a sect of food and water worshippers, agreed to accept the Nurds' con-

tention that the foreskin of Jesus Christ ascended bodily with him to heaven. The Syrian Troglo-

dyte forces reportedly met little resistance as they plunged deep into Lebanon, imposing

peace upon the warring factions. The situation remains far from stable, however, with

the possibility of rebellion by roving bands of Anachronists an ever present danger.

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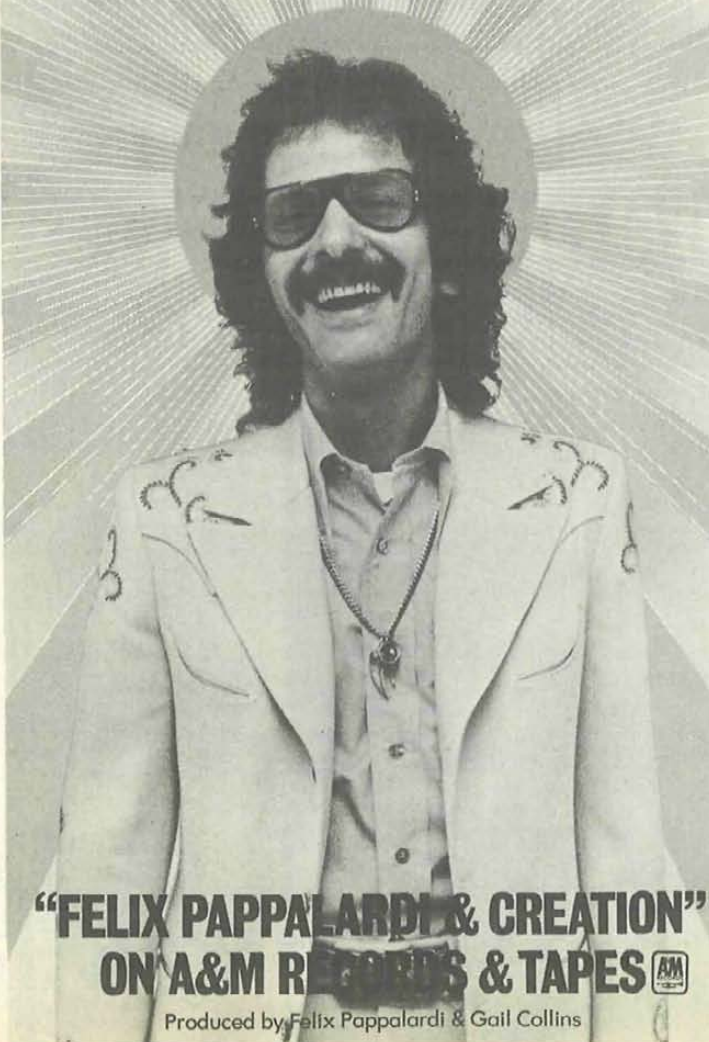
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THE BEAT GOES ON

By JIZ WENNER

Was Van "the Man" Morrison, whose name appears by actual count twenty-seven times in the current *Rolling Stone*, a forerunner of a new wave of r 'n' r from the Emerald Isle? Sodom and begorra, it's true!

"Sham Rock" isn't on the way, it's already here!

Last week I made the scene in NYC's ultra-funky Bells of Hell bar, and rapped with Irish minstrels Cris King and Mike O'Brien. Like most minstrels, they play instruments and sing. They are close personal friends with people who have met the Chieftains, the soulful Hibernians who laid down the sound track to Stan Kubrick's four-hour Polish joke, *Barry Lyndon*.

Mike and Cris perform Irish folk songs, popular not only with heavy drinkers, but with anyone else who can only keep a beat in four/four time. In addition to repeatedly offering to introduce me to various expatriate IRA murderers (their single on the subject, "The Expatriot Game," is soon to explode on the charts), the "boys" stood numerous rounds of Guinness, a new psychedelic taken orally, in liquid form, and recounted the ancient myths of the land they had left behind. Cuchulain's fight with the dirt, the Black Witch of Kerry and her ability to tell time, Brian Boru and the Great Dane who saved civilization. . . .

After some time, talk turned to the meteoric rise of rocker Peter Frampton.

The Irish musicians felt deeply about Peter, but were unable to express their feeling in words. Frampton has been called a "human kazoo" by unkind critics, though his album sales have been tremendous, which means he is actually very good and also physically attractive, which should be reassuring to the long-haired street debris who read my stuff.

Frampton was born in Britain, England, and first became socially evident during the mod-rocker battles of the sixties. Leader of the mods, overdressed spivs who rode about on motor scooters hurling bottles at rockers, he was soon to gain even greater prominence as last-minute substitute lead singer for the Who, appearing in place of the injured Roger Daltry at Leeds.

The Who, musicians first and social critics second, toured America behind Frampton, smashing their guitars and lighting fires on stage to convey the vague malaise of a generation some of whose parents had been shot at by Germans.

Now the forgotten Daltry has retired from rock. Fresh from the surrealist film triumphs of *Tommy* and *Lisztomania*, he has embarked on yet another motion picture project. The new movie will be filmed with cameras costing more than your car. Ironic, isn't it, that a good-looking, talented guy should make more money than someone like you.

Next month: Interview with Michael Simmons and Stewpot.



Sports Column

by Red Ruffansore

It looks to your agent as if the Phillies are about to make a circus of the senior circuit this semester. Any diamond nine so festooned with talent that they can allow Tim McCarver (the only catcher in modern ball with real old-fashioned catcher's feet) to languish on the bench has just gotta have the horses to go all the way.

Last week, the old Redhead went out to view a horseshoe contest in Philly, the town I have dubbed "The City of Brotherly Love," and a ripe old farce it was, with Steve Carlton pitching a blindfolded no-hitter from second base against a combined Expos-Mets team. The game itself held little interest for your correspondent, who once saw Bob Lemon strike out the entire Yankee batting order on seven pitches, and I abruptly adjourned to the suds and franks stand, where who should I chance to encounter in mid-munch but one of the greatest of the all time greats, the slingin' rage, Mr. Satchel Paige.

No one, least of all Satch, knows just how old he really is. He is the only player to have been retired from the Hall of Fame.

One of ol' Red's earliest memories is of being taken to a ball game—it was in the now defunct Mandingo League, you know—by my old daddy, way back when. In the bottom of the eighth, the pitcher for the visiting team, the Camptown Dinges, got in serious trouble when he loaded the bases, got behind two and nothing to the batter representing the go-ahead run, and had his throat cut from ear to ear by the third base coach.

A summons went out to the bullpen (or buckpen, as it was called in the Mandingo League), and out shuffled a ballplayer who looked, to my childish eyes, as if he were made out of dried figs. It was old Satch.

It took Paige about an hour and a half, walking with his characteristic easy, slow, loose shuffle, to get to the edge of the infield. The game, which had begun at noon, was called on account of curfew long 'ere Satch got to toe the rubber. The Camptown team was awarded the win, seven full innings having been completed, and I remember my ol' daddy making a joke about the game being called on account of darkies.

And here he was, this living legend, scarfing hot dogs and beer like there was no yesterday. Recalling the celebrated admonition against strong drink and fried foods in his oft-quoted "maxims for living forever," I queried the antediluvian blackamoor as to what the hell was going on, and was treated to a new recipe for eternal youth from the old master, to wit:

You ain't necessarily what you eat, but you jus' might be what's eatin' you.

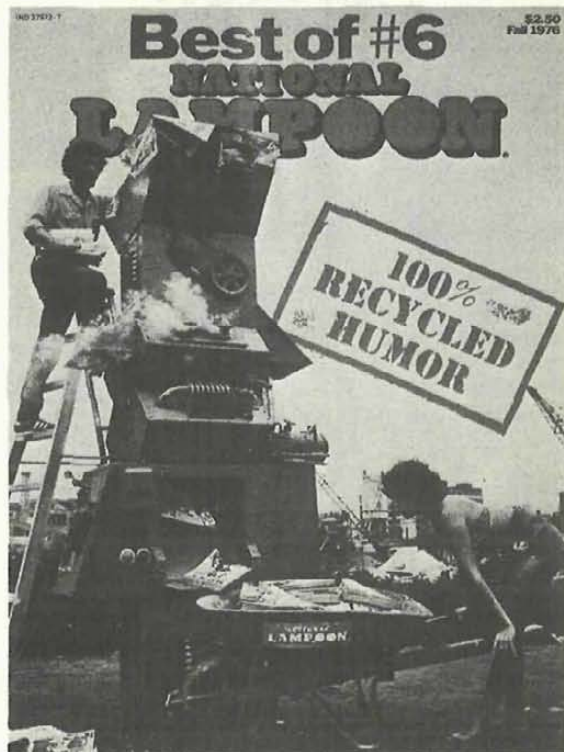
Insist on button-up fly front trousers, 'cause your Johnson can get badly snarled by one of them zippers.

Before you piss off a' the fire escape, check below for trolley lines.

When you're old, you ain't gonna miss anything any less 'cause you didn't do it much.

The back of the bus ain't such a bad place to sit in the event of a head-on collision.

A joke is a terrible thing to waste.



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Injured Laugh at "Well" Humor

According to experts in the humor field, "well" humor (so-called "white humor") is becoming immensely popular with the nation's in-

jured, crippled, and blind.

Jokes like, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night? That lady was a wonderful woman I just met," reportedly have paraplegics and others falling

on their bums.

"Sure," says Dr. Doug Grange, "these people are sick. Lots of them'll be dead by the next time I look. But there's nothing unhealthy about their sense of humor. That's the only healthy part of them."

Newspic:

Cub Slugger Mugged

Jerry Morales, hard-hitting rightfielder for the Chicago Cubs, was in Mercy Hospital today in fair condition after being mugged on a dark South Side Chicago street by a seventy-three-year-old Jewish candy store owner.

The aging mugger cornered the athlete as he was leaving a friend's house and, according to Morales, gave him his choice between, "your vallet or your vatzis." The assailant, identified as Sidney Greenbaum of 111 Treetop Terrace on Chicago's high-rise shorefront, said that he had learned the trade from personal experience picked up in his daily work at the candy store. Why he had chosen to make his first mugging victim a Puerto Rican baseball player was something he could not explain. "Actually," he said, "most of the times I've been mugged in the store it's been by shvartzers (blacks), not by spics (Puerto Ricans). This guy looked like a nice, clean-cut fellow, but I've been cut by

fore. Anyway, it was something I hadda do. I'm not getting

any younger." Judge Julius Hoffman ordered a fifty thousand dollar bail for Greenbaum, whose lawyer said he would ask for a trial by a jury of his peers, preferably twelve elderly Jews who have been frequently mugged.

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Holy Hoax Puts Kibosh on Wop Reds

The Vatican has denied an attempt to stave off a Communist victory in the recent Italian elections by passing off 3-D projections as actual apparitions of Jesus Christ.

The holograms, or "holygrams," as the Vatican didn't call them, appeared in over sixteen thousand hotly contested parliamentary districts. According to all accounts, the thirty-three-year-old lamb of God delivered

the same message to illiterate *campesinos* from Lombardy to Calabria: "Don't vote for the Communists or you will go immediately to hell."

Eschewing his native Aramaic, the Risen Right-Winger allegedly addressed the believing multitudes in perfect twentieth century Italian in a voice reminiscent of Benito Mussolini. So accurate were the renditions that many of the faithful swore they heard scratches and skips in the speeches characteristic of badly preserved seventy-eight

recordings of the former overweight dictator.

In districts where the Christian Democrats, but not their Papist allies, felt they had a fighting chance, the Only Begotten materialized frightful images of the circle of hell reserved for socialists.

Although it couldn't be confirmed, it was reported that the Living Wafer culled his horrifying pictures of the Marxist afterlife from the slave scenes of the Hollywood-produced *Land of the Pharaohs*.

Miraculously, the

Annointed of God confined his appearance to conservative small towns and totally avoided the Red Triangle of Turin, Milan, and Genoa. When asked to reconcile this oversight with the Parable of the Lost Sheep, Christ dismissed the tale as a typical example of Pauline exuberance.

But that was merely the first of a series of shocks as the hirsute Fisher of Men launched into the original, unedited, and anti-Communist version of the Sermon on the Mount, or Fiatitudes. For example, the original carried the phrase, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth *provided* (emphasis His) that they do their jobs without complaining and keep their noses clean." Nor did the Celestial Whistle Stopper

ever say: "The last shall be first." In the beginning, the Words were. "The first shall be last and the last shall be first over My Dead Unrisen Body."

Pounding a final nail into the collectivists' coffin, the Blessed Baby Kisser took one of their big guns and turned it around 180 degrees. "Property is theft," spake the Lord, "and if the Communists win and nationalize everything, then everyone will have property and thereby be guilty of theft which is a violation of the Fifth Commandment, which will condemn you all to torment everlasting."

When confronted with reports of the mammoth campaign, the Papal Nuncio replied that Pope Paul had never heard of the entire plan in a closed door meeting.



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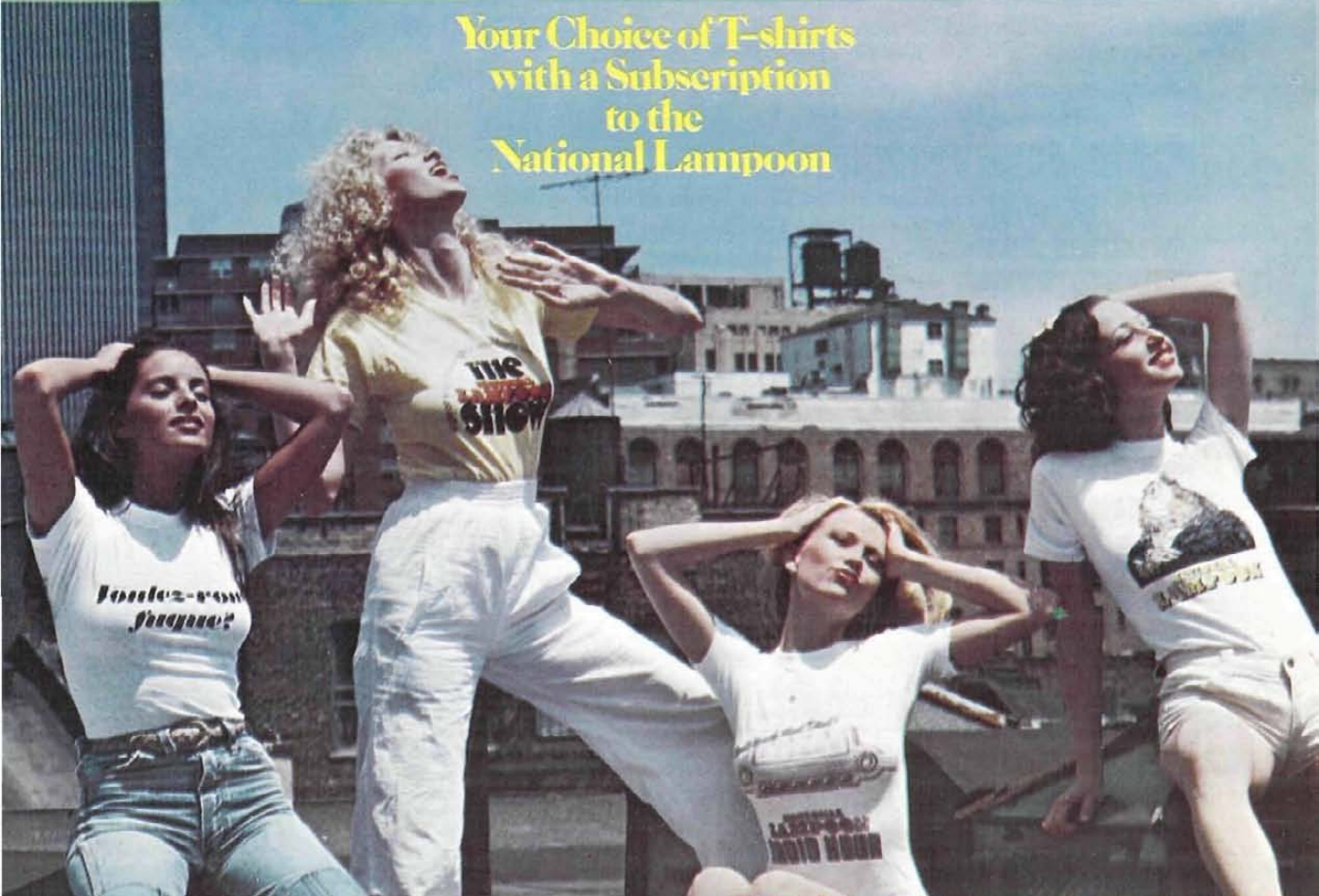


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• During the recent cherry blossom viewing season in Japan, Kosuke Yamamura, sixty-seven, became overly affectionate towards a hippo and cub in an Osaka zoo, and was subsequently knocked out by the irate animal. He is reported in serious condition.

The elderly Japanese was apparently drunk on rice wine, a phenomenon that seems to increase during the cherry blossom season, when he sneaked into the hippo's cage and slapped the hippo and her cub on their hips. The hippo proceeded to butt him repeatedly with her head.

In a similar incident the week before, another inebriated blossom viewer was trapped in a hippo pool in southern Japan. *Austin-American Statesman* (Doug Rauss)

• California's Western State University this year divided its Carl Marks Scholarship among three students for the first time since its inception.

The scholarship honors the late Carl Marks of New York, founder of the largest foreign bonds, securities, and arbitrage firm in the world. *News Bulletin* (Western State University College of Law) (Steve Foitle)

• A pathologist who came to examine a corpse ended up a fatality himself in a bizarre incident in Marseille.

Shortly before he died of a heart attack, Emile Herve, forty-nine, placed a loaded pistol beside the sink in his kitchen. When the body was discovered, police called Dr. Joseph Cambracedes, sixty-five, for a routine examination.

While the doctor stood over Herve's body, an officer opened a window to air out the apartment. The

draft caused the kitchen door to slam shut, and the resulting vibrations threw the previously unnoticed pistol to the floor. The gun discharged, and the bullet struck Cambracedes, killing him instantly. *Sunday Times Advertiser* (Nadine Sewak)

• Judge Robert Lybery rejected an order that a 168-pound Great Dane be destroyed because it was dangerous. The English magistrate then gave the dog a friendly pat.

The animal bit his hand twice. *Atlanta Journal* (Brent da Silva Russell)

• When Robert Van Bergen of San Diego got his new credit card, he discovered that his name had been misspelled as *Vanbergen*. There should be a space between *Van* and *Bergen*, he complained when returning the card for correction.

The company promptly sent back a new card. It was issued to Robert Vanspace Bergen. *The Hartford Courant* (R. Lewis)

• King Dixon, forty-six, was shot five times at close range in the head and lived to tell about it.

According to doctors at Jackson Memorial Hospital, none of the shots from the .22 caliber pistol penetrated his skull. "Believe it or not, he's in satisfactory condition," said Detective Charles Bryant.

Dixon and Chester Palmer had been arguing in a bar when Palmer left, returned with a pistol, and shot Dixon five times. "I just looked at him," Dixon said.

In frustration, Palmer finally clubbed Dixon on the head with the gun, knocking him to the floor.

Palmer was apprehended by police officer Willie Hill as he ran from the bar. When Hill went in to investigate, Dixon got up off the floor and started discussing the case with him.

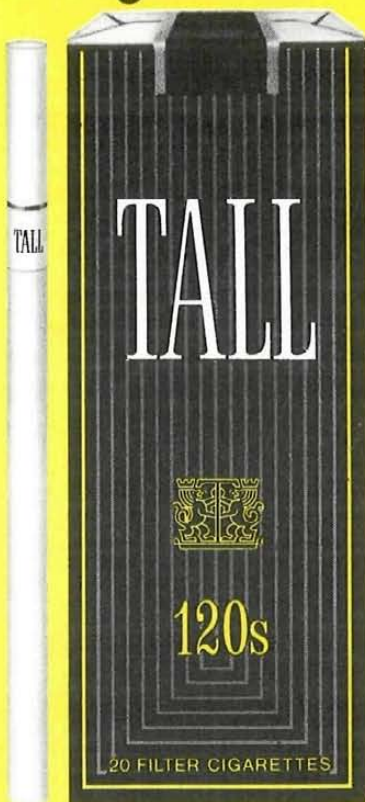
Later, Dixon said, "I was thinking that I wasn't going to die, because I felt no pain, just a light sting. I feel fine. I guess you have to ask the good Lord why I'm still alive." *The Rocky Mountain News* (Denver) (Bill Sellens)

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Flabbergastering *Biscuits à la Cuiller* from Newsletter, Oreg.!!! **Valery Panov**, who tore a leg muscle while dancing with the San Francisco Ballet on Thursday, will be undergoing amputation of said leg as soon as he finishes this game of checkers with the orderly. Panov is having **George Balanchine** choreograph a series of dances for a *danseur noble* with one leg and expects to be a big hit. "If Ravel could write a piano concerto for a pianist with no right arm..." says Panov, laughing gaily and aiming paper gliders out the window. Doctors agree that there is nothing wrong with his right leg. The muscle tear was in his left leg. There's nothing wrong with that leg, either. Panov is asking **Michael Kidd** and **June Taylor** and **Martha Graham** and others to make it so he gets carried around by a lot of ballerinas in these new jigs, but **Birdbath** rolls its eyes and says caca.

Birdbath predicts!!! **Sal Mineo** will be shot to death behind his home by a man with long dark hair. The assailant will be apprehended. Mineo will survive.

Scandalous *Gâteau Fourré à la Crème d'Orange* from Aaron Burr (formerly Nixon), Tenn.!!! Tennis pro **Ilie Nastase** is giving up cursing because he's giving up losing. "I af so many de corse word zat I mos loose game in order to uss dems. Ze fans she luf zem bad stinkin words, no, yes, but plenty. So I play, how yu says, to de gallery, wit all dem oats in all dem many lancviches dat I don spk no better dan English, iff yu knew de truff, can yu tell. Now I say noting. Now I only win. Ef I loose, I only say prunes. Ess gut?"

Lalalalooza Riene de Saba from Fastforward, Mo.!!! **Teng Hsiao-ping** could never have become Prime Minister of China with a name like that,

but the real reason **Hua Kuo-feng** won was because of the nude poster contest. Because so many of the Chinese are illiterate, and not interested in politics, and can only speak Chinese, campaigns are run on the basis of the appearance of the contestants in the buff. Large numbers of women also turn out at the "poles" this way, thus giving them an opportunity to get a slant on them.

Devastating *Baba aux Fruits* from Untidy, N.Dak.!!! **Gregg Allman** is in very serious trouble with the Catholic Archdiocese of California. The names of **Cher's** children reflect her marital aspirations at the moment of their conceptions. **Lemmeoutahere** is not on the list of saint's names. On the other hand, it is unnecessary for the Catholic Church to be so glowering, for any child born to Cher, if not a saint at birth, must soon become one.

At least **Jimmy Carter** would



Valery Panov, the Zany Zionist Hooper.



David Bowie, the Man the Earth Fell On.

have made an honest president. All these years he's been living on peanuts. But tell us, Jimmy: is it a wig? We won't tell anyone, promise. But just tell us or give us a sign. Tip it, braid a pigtail. Anything, just so's we know.

☛ Riproaring *Crêpes Sourrées, Frangipane* from Heidi Yawl, Tex.!!! **Little Orphan Annie** is the comic strip nobody ever read, right? It was the one included for everyone to skip. Did you ever know anyone who read it? I never did. It was just there, like the novels of **Sir Walter Scott**. The print was too small, the colors too dark, the frames too cluttered, the figures too Mesopotamianly flat. This is too bad, because Little O has been toking for quite a time now, and while maybe this is nothing new, don't you wanna see what happens to her eyes when her pupils contract???

☛ Triple somersault *Tarte des Demoiselles Tatin* from Bugger Off, Kans.!!! The reason **Steve McQueen** grew a beard was so that his jaw would look as wide as that of **Ali MacCraw**. This may break up their marriage, because, of course, he married her for her jaw. Steve has hardly any chin at all, if you recall, and even if you don't. They plan to make a movie together about this called *Jaws*—concerning a couple who eat fish for fun and spite, so much so that no fish will go in bathing anymore, and the fish finally, after a lot of political corruption and hemming and hawing, decide to bring in some killer sharks to keep humans from eating fish like that—all that

Arthur Treacher's, all those tunas on rye. This film will be a prequel to the movie of the same name which had a few quiet showings last summer and closed with scarcely a ripple.

☛ Snappy *Flan des Isles* from Whence, Mich.!!! **David Bowie's** new image is that of a young, corn-holed **Dick Powell**. When *Birdbath* interviewed "The Knife," there was no resisting him—his fabulous ear, his gorgeous elbow. And then, the things he said! Lawks, isn't he the witty one, though! For instance: " ! "

☛ Hot-from-the-presses *Aspic des Pommes* from A & P, Md.!!! Department of misinformation: advance notice of the expulsion of poet-novelist **Janet Burroway** from New Zealand because of her duel with a kangaroo is, as of now, old hat. Rickshaws in the Antipodes—visualize it, if you will—are drawn by kangaroos, so it is no wonder she had an argument with one. They can scarcely hold a pencil! In any case, Miss Burroway did not have an argument this coming August, is not Down Under and never will be, and kangaroos with no talent should not say mean things about people. Chin up, Jan, we're on your side.

☛ Fishroe Scandal exclusive!!! The Fishroe Scandal will not extend to skiers or ice-skating champions, since when have you ever seen a black ski or ice-skating champion? No, there were precious few contestants in the Winter Olympics from Uganda, baby, but keep your nostrils flexed for the Summer Olympics, 'cause the list of Fishroe Conspirators is growing. Watch this column for further announcements. **Arthur Ashe**. Watch this column for further announcements. **O.J. Simpson**. Watch this column for further announcements. That guy whose suits don't fit. Watch this column. Are you? Are you watching it? Eh? Eh? Watch it, I tell you. Don't take your eyes off it. **Spencer Haywood**.

☛ Widly suggestive *Pouding de Cabinet* from Wen, Wis.!!! **Julie Andrews** has hair in her nose!!!

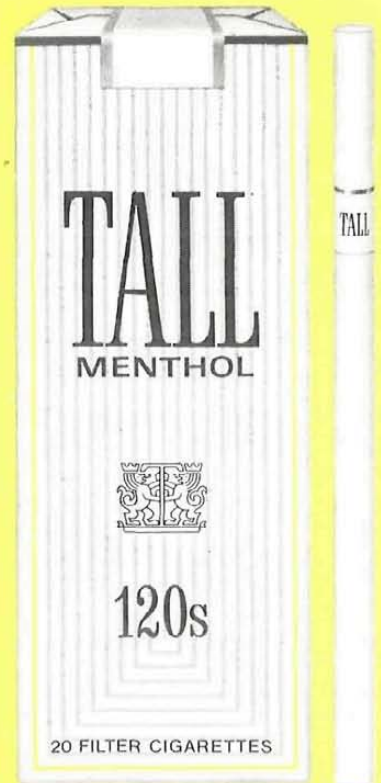
☛ Humdinger *Ile Flottante* from Caustic Soap, Vt.!!! **Barbra Streisand** and **Jackie Mason** are an item. Ain't it cunning? Barbra is just mad for him, just mad, and Jackie likes her too, but Barbra likes him more. She chases him around all over the place and enters restaurants next to him on her knees. She just crawls in.

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Birdbath
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She even does it in long, tight, sequined dresses. They're so cute together. They rub noses and

canoodle on public buses in Los Angeles. Barbra Streisand is a very sweet girl, very thoughtful and unselfish, and so wonderful to work with. She's one of the few stars in Holly-



wood that never throws tantrums or acts like a seven-year-old brat that you'd like to smash its head against the wall, and she has such good manners. And as for Jackie Mason, he's elegant, just elegant. So sophisticated, a silver-tongued grandee in the flesh, generous, never gambles, and never lets a single dirty word spill from his lips. He never swears at Barbra. "Please get up off your knees, dear," is all he says to her, "the headwaiter is staring," and if she won't, or has forgotten how to, he'll pick her up over his shoulder and carry her to the table. She just coos and lets him do it. Somebody ought to shoot them, don't you think? Perhaps somebody already did shoot them.

Highflying *Soufflé au Chocolat* from Deadringer, Okla.!!! In TV land, **Dick Cavett** is proving offensive. Seems there's scarcely a writer in Hollywood who'll work with him anymore. Because Cavett himself is a writer and changes things, trying to remind other writers that he too is a writer, which even before we said it twice everybody knew. He puts in the word *or* a lot. It's a word he is very fond of, a sort of "signature word." "It's my very own word," he says, as he changes *Constantinople* not to *Istanbul*, but to *or*. "I'm a writer too. Let me change *rode the six hundred* to *or*. Now, doesn't that look better? It shortens it, as well. Did you know that I'm a writer, too?"

Powerhouse *Riz à l'Impératrice* from No Gumtion, Mo.!!! President Ford's cabinet will go down in the Halls of Anonymity as having a profile lower than a herd of armadillos. Consider the government, though. Breathe deeply, and envision **Kissinger**. It is as though we have all entered a great restaurant and the maitre d' steals the spotlight while the tables remain absolutely bare of food. The act goes on, the maitre d' skims around the room, hunger pangs pass, people start to topple forward onto the tablecloths, others languish, while he continues to perform as though it were he we came here for. Some of us scatter our daze, and busboys and bartenders are called. They answer, but nothing is brought. There is not even silverware on the table. Restaurateurs next door smile, for they have two sets now, and they're not feeding their clientele with either one, either.

R. Bruce Moody

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A hint—of rugged rocky coast,
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Of heather, meadow, thistle, forest,
Of blackthorn, rose; green quiet day;
Of dream, of wit, of hope and wish,
Of passion, of life—Ah! Paddy Irish.*

New entries to our First Annual Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition are still being gratefully received. Submit your poems about Paddy Irish Whiskey to Irish Whiskey Poetry Competition, Austin, Nichols & Co., P.O. Box 5314, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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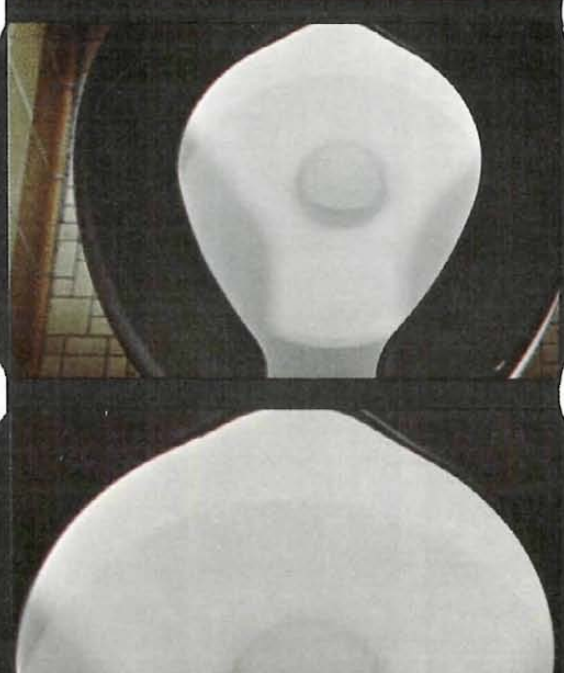
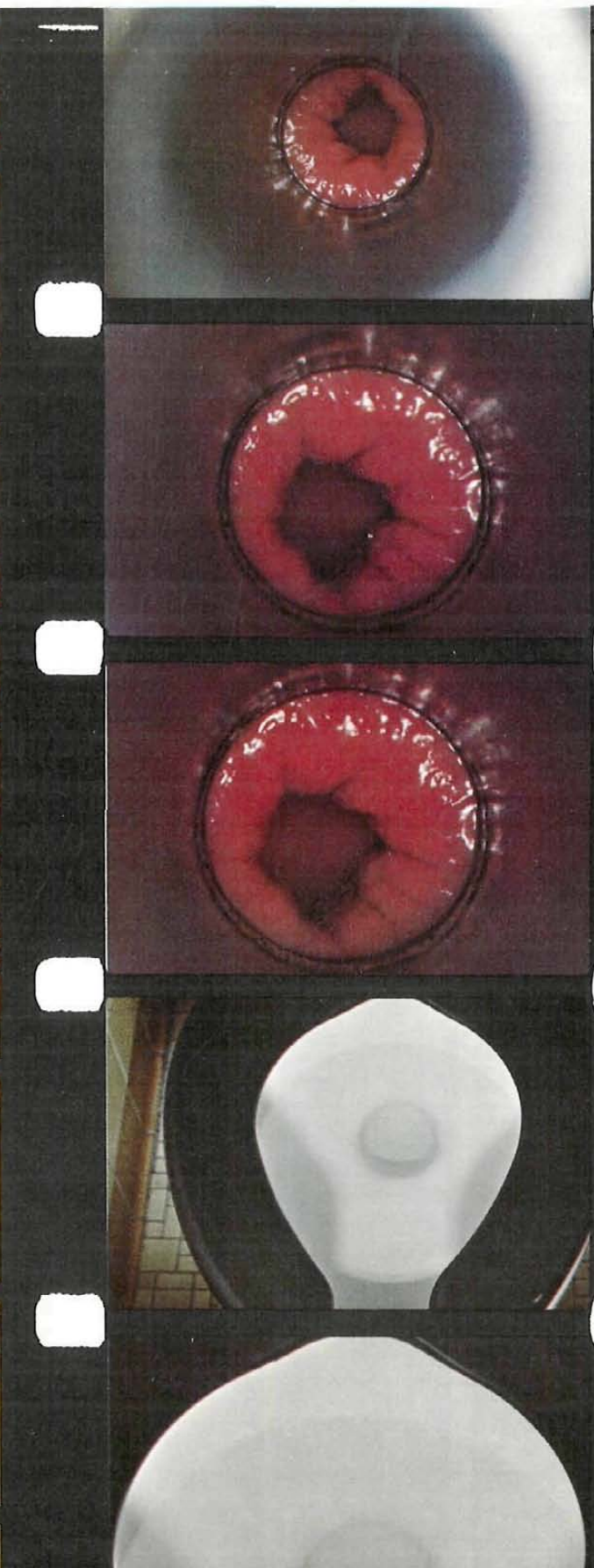
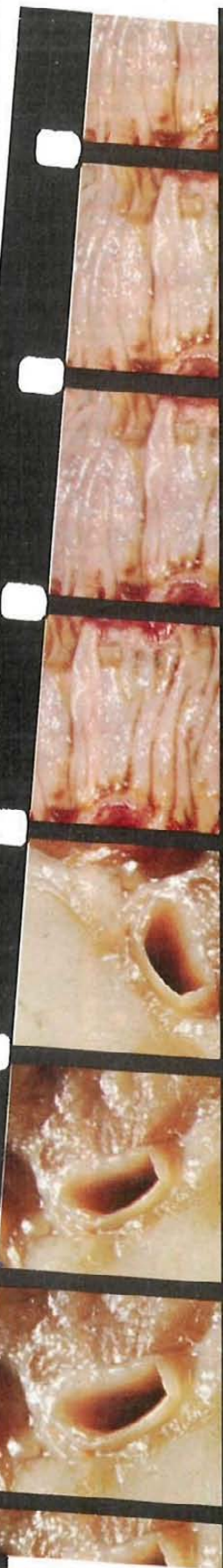
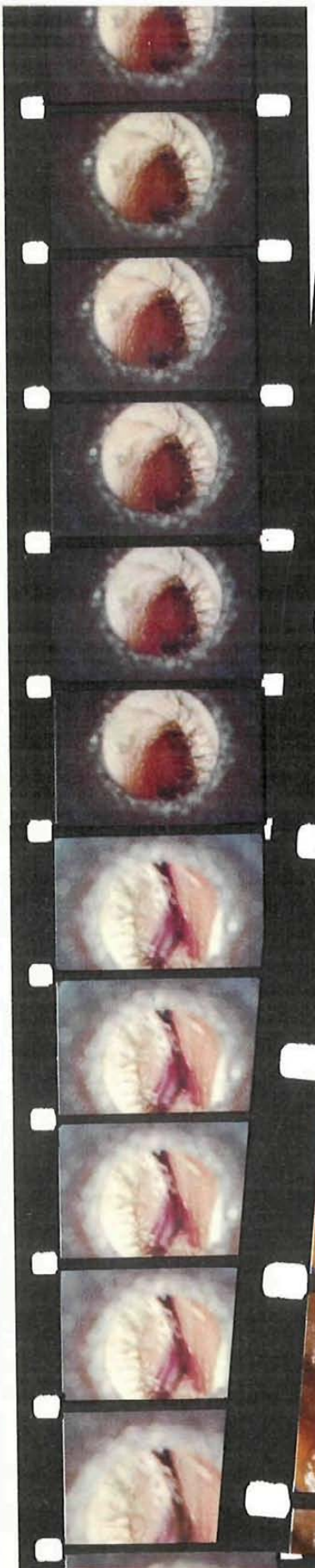
Further Inside Marilyn Chambers

A great tide of frustration is rising in the land. The pornography boom has left the filmgoing public restless and dissatisfied — eager for something more than the endless repetition of celluloid sex. But ours is an age of technological innovation, and we Americans have never been content to stand idly by while others achieve the breakthroughs.

It is with great pride that we present this sample of the pioneering work being carried out by experimentalist Peter Kleinman. An avant-gardist in the best sense of the word, Kleinman has gone where none have ever dared, armed only with his camera and his enormous dedication.

We invite you to join him on a journey beyond dreams and imagination, a fantastic voyage to the Inner Chambers.





***SIN**cerity
comes to the suburbs.*

CORSAGE PARLORS

by **PETER KAMINSKY** and **DAN ABELSON**

8:30 A.M. With a single motion, he clicks off his electric razor, gulps his coffee, and pecks her cheek. A hurried "Bye-bye, honey," and she's left on her own with an empty feeling inside that won't go away. That's marriage, suburban style, and every day it leaves fifteen million white collar widows frustrated, unsatisfied, and unfulfilled. But American housewives are no longer taking husbandly neglect lying down. Something new has exploded on the scene . . . the corsage parlor!

Item: A well-dressed matron sits and waits in a small room in back of a simple shopping mall shopfront which bears the innocent legend, "Notions 'n' Things." A doorbell chimes. Nervous (this is her first time), she opens the door, to reveal a cherubic-faced messenger boy, bearing a lovely corsage. With trembling fingers, she rips open the accompanying envelope. The card reads, "Just because you're you." As the color rises to her cheeks, she staggers backward and falls on the bed in a swoon of illicit pleasure.

This customer has just paid twenty-five dollars for a "corsage." For another fifteen dollars, a clean-shaven young

man will hold hands and "snuggle" with her for half an hour. If her tastes run to the bizarre, she might choose the "pick-up," and take her pleasure watching a paunchy, retired bus driver patiently pick up dirty socks and drop them in a hamper. Or the kinky "trick" of listening to him urinate in the next room after loudly lifting the seat.

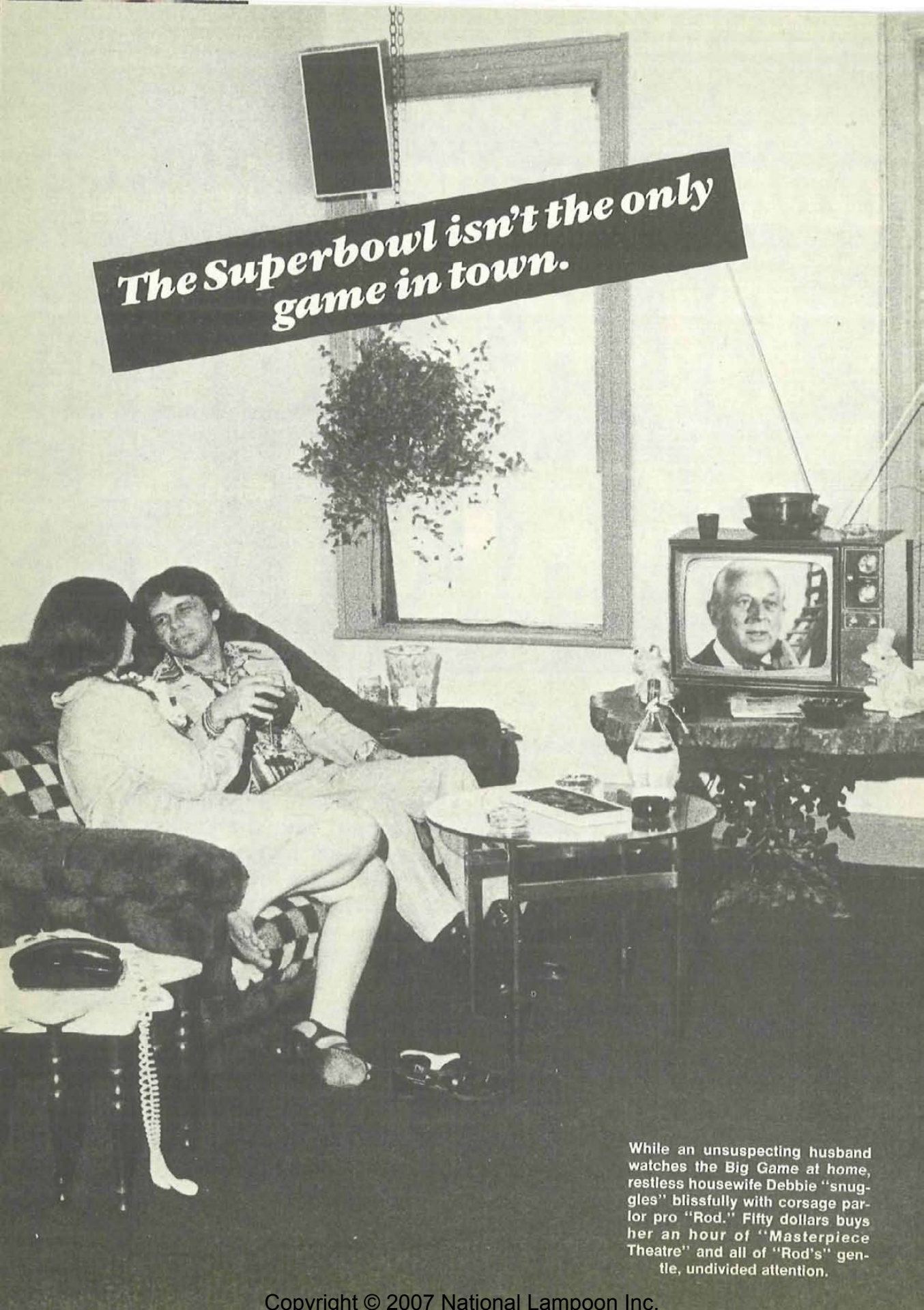
These may sound like little things to you. But it's the "little things" husbands forget that have turned corsage parlors into a billion-dollar-a-year industry. Every suburb has got its Tenderness District. With names like Consideration Plus and Caribbean Cuddle Parlor and

Happy Anniversary, they have the station wagons lined up in shopping centers from coast to coast.

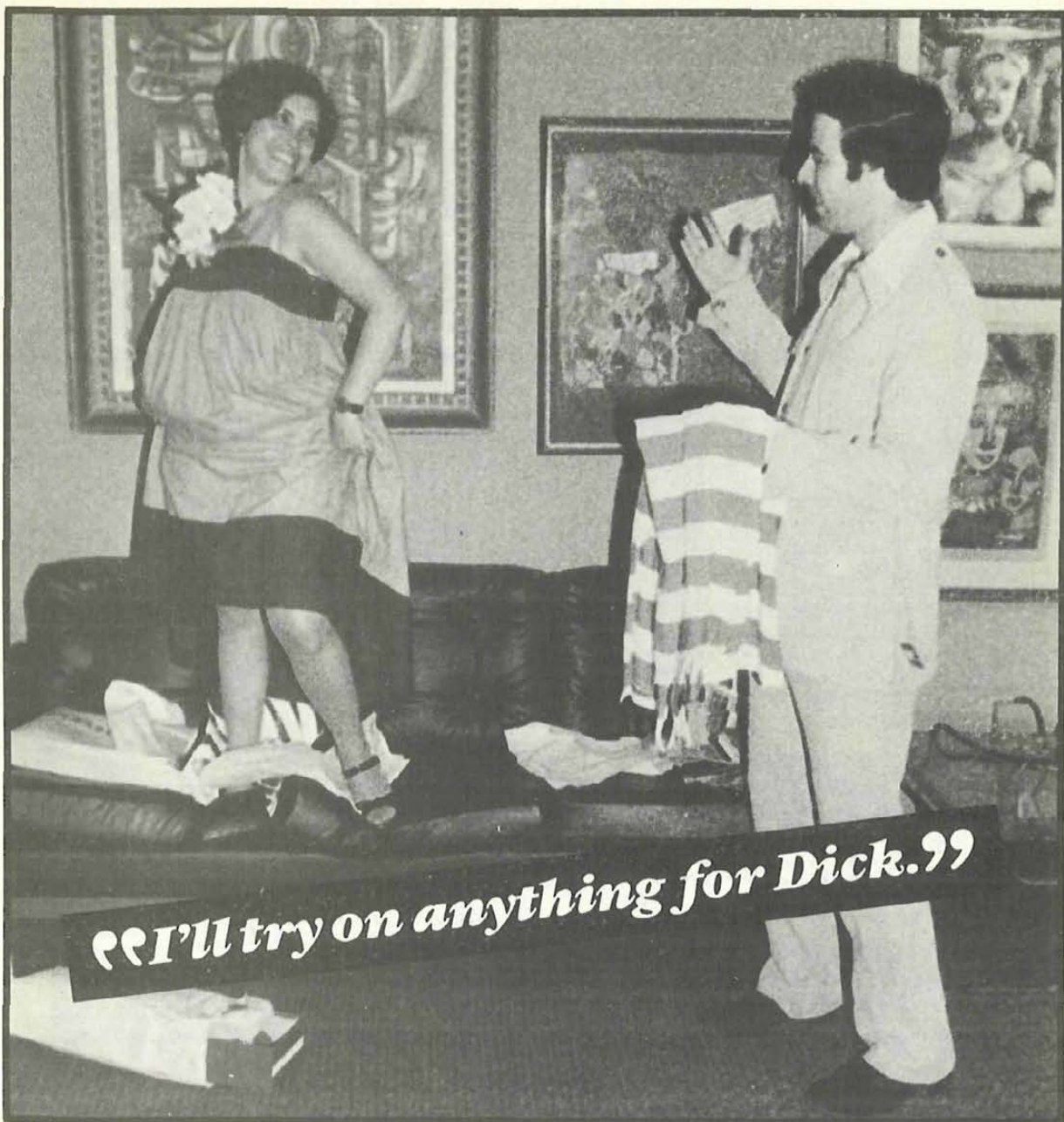
The setup of the average corsage parlor is laughably simple. A "mister" runs a stable of "joy boys" and a suite of rooms for them to work out of. Who are these "men of the afternoon"? Where do they come from? What are their hopes? What kind of lives do they lead?

(continued on next page)

*The Superbowl isn't the only
game in town.*



While an unsuspecting husband watches the Big Game at home, restless housewife Debbie "snuggles" blissfully with corsage parlor pro "Rod." Fifty dollars buys her an hour of "Masterpiece Theatre" and all of "Rod's" gentle, undivided attention.



“I’ll try on anything for Dick.”

Case History: John, thirty-three, unemployed electrical engineer, Cambridge, Mass. “I love my job. Maybe it’s because I always put a high price on good manners and careful grooming. I’m a professional. Sometimes I don’t feel like opening a door for one of my “Joans,” or maybe I don’t really want to make that Happy Birthday call, but I know how to fake it, and they go away happy. Of course, there are some things I won’t do for a client. I draw the line at kissing, but there’re so many other things I do well that I’ve never had a complaint.”

Other “gentlemen of the afternoon” aren’t so prudish, and are willing to make an additional fee for such “extras” as kissing a client on the back of the neck while she does the dishes, or allowing her to put her cold feet against his back.

But not everybody loves corsage parlors. Ohio State Senator Barnum P. Bailey of the Senate Select Committee of Manners and Mores told us: “There’s no question that corsage parlors are hastening the decline of the inner suburb. It’s not just the parlors, but the seediness that follows in their wake. It’s getting to be easier for an underage kid to buy a box of chocolates or an anniversary card than a pack of cigarettes, and it seems that every other store is a florist.”

“That’s just not true,” says corsage

parlor owner Sol Gelb, presenting the other side of the story. State College expert Norman Blands says, “The parlors will be here as long as husbands neglect that four letter word spelled *n-i-c-e*. The kind of woman who goes to

(continued on next page)

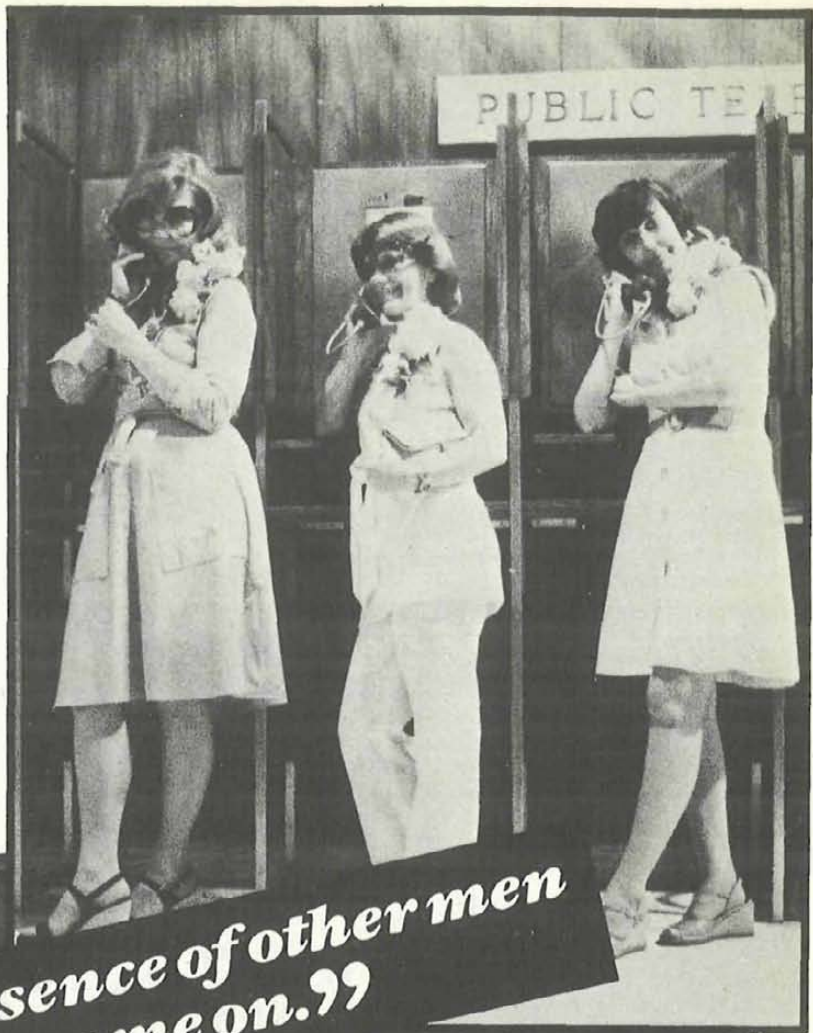
parlor owner Sol Gelb, presenting the other side of the story. State College expert Norman Blands says, “The parlors will be here as long as husbands neglect that four letter word spelled *n-i-c-e*. The kind of woman who goes to

a corsage parlor needs and enjoys the experience."

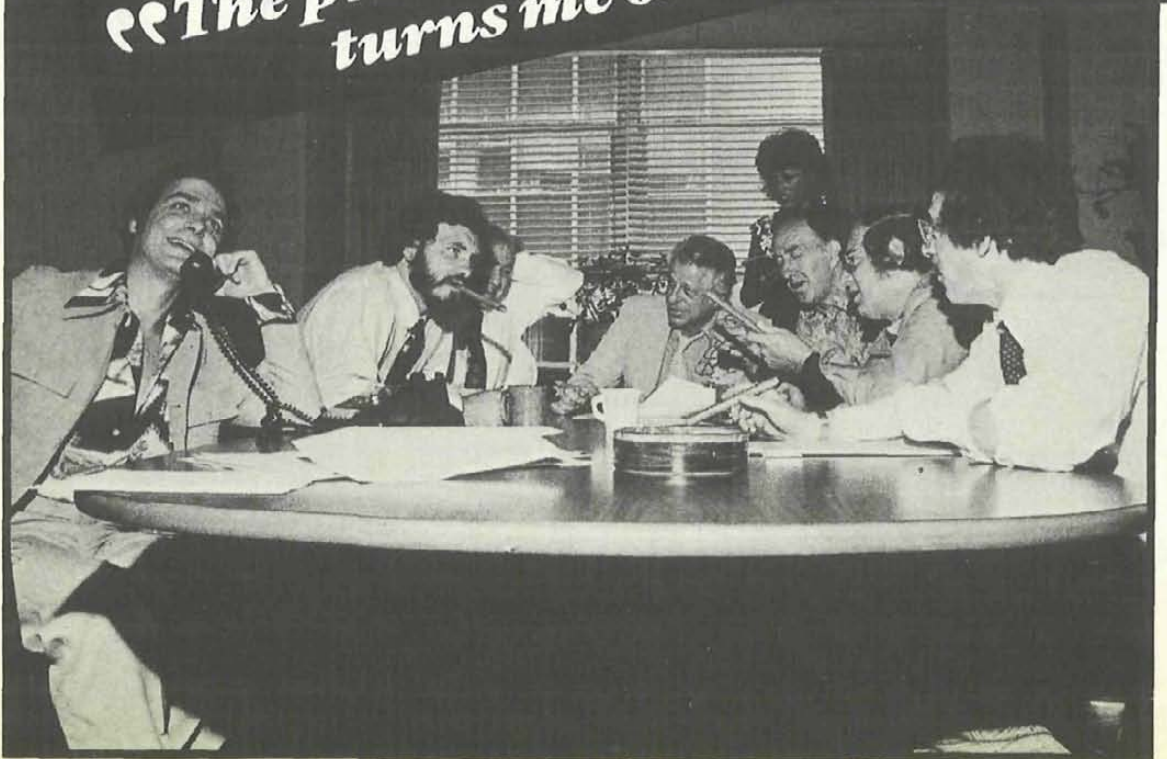
But while the experts debate, business is booming. You see them on street corners everywhere, hawking their wares with the age-old come-on. "Let's go for a walk." Sometimes, that's just what the daytime bachelorette wants, especially after it rains.

Other times, it's back to the corsage parlor for more "refined" pleasures. For better or for worse, corsage parlors are here to stay. It's the newest twist on the oldest game in town. □

A deep voice drips into the receiver. "Hi, sweetheart. I couldn't concentrate on the meeting. I kept thinking of you." Enterprising Peter strikes it rich with Toledo's Tenderness II, where lonely suburban wives are thrilled by his thoughtfulness.



“The presence of other men turns me on.”



GOBBLER

FOR THE REST ROOMS OF THE WORLD

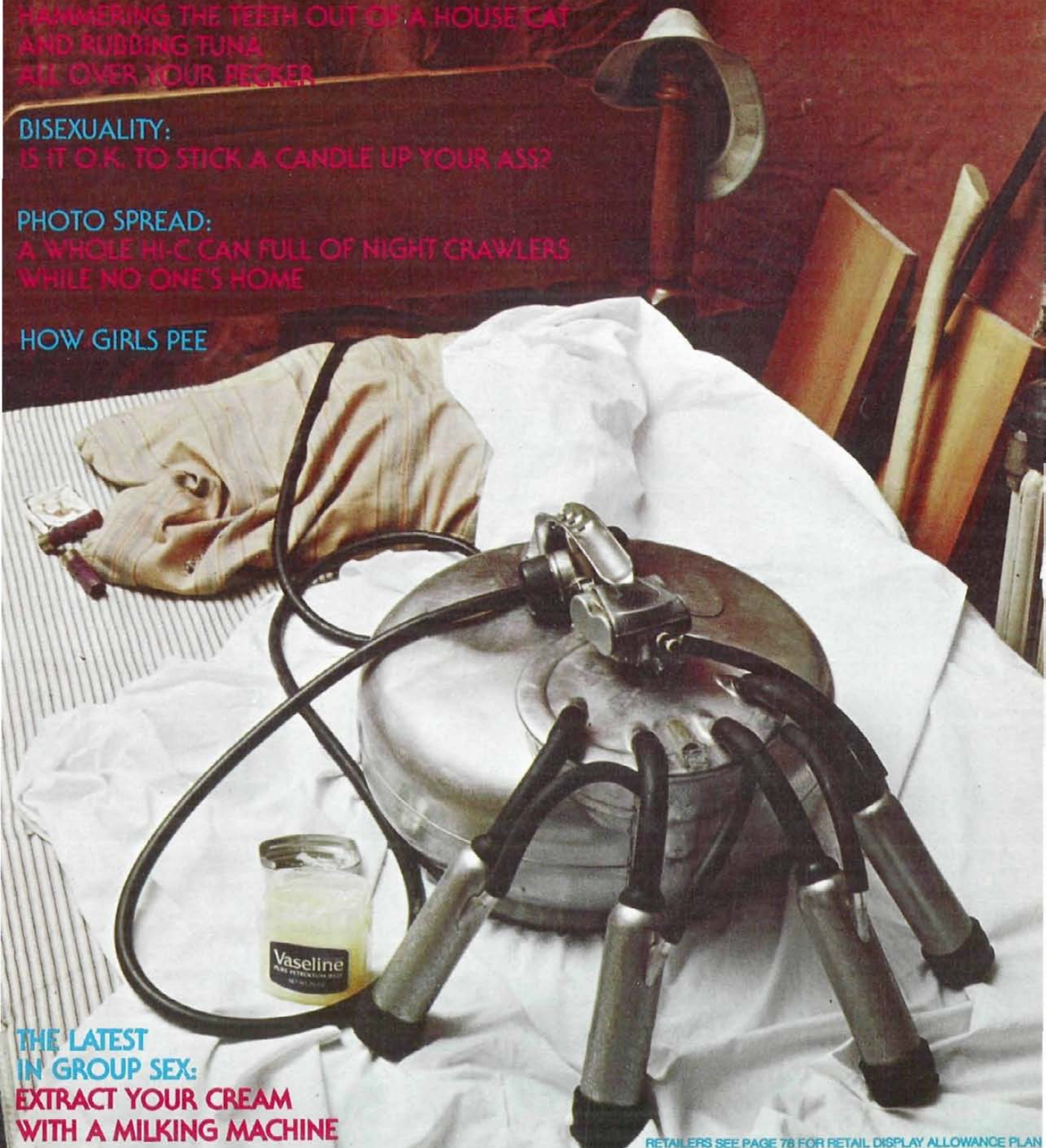
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HAMMERING THE TEETH OUT OF A HOUSE CAT
AND RUBBING TUNA
ALL OVER YOUR PECKER

BISEXUALITY:
IS IT O.K. TO STICK A CANDLE UP YOUR ASS?

PHOTO SPREAD:
A WHOLE HI-C CAN FULL OF NIGHT CRAWLERS
WHILE NO ONE'S HOME

HOW GIRLS PEE



THE LATEST
IN GROUP SEX:
EXTRACT YOUR CREAM
WITH A MILKING MACHINE

RETAILERS SEE PAGE 78 FOR RETAIL DISPLAY ALLOWANCE PLAN

GOBBLER

GOBBLER

"FOR THE REST ROOMS
OF THE WORLD"

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Aunt Sarah's handyman,
Big Red the bull and a
Jersey in the back pen,
an older kid two farms
down, a couple of nigger
girls, the lingerie pages
in the Montgomery
Ward catalog, an old
copy of *Swank*, the
*Home Medical Encyclo-
pedia*, a calendar down at
the garage, a deck of
Mexican playing cards,
a lot of bathroom walls

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and your mother is more than likely.

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HOW YOU GONNA
KEEP THEM DOWN IN
PAREE, NOW THEY
BEEN UP ON THE
FARM?

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A Succulent Photo Feature.



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HER FIVE LOVELY
DAUGHTERS

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Gobbler Article.



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UP THE OLD DIRT
ROAD

Gobbler Fiction: It's a Treat to
Beat Your Meat in the
Mississippi Mud.



VOL. 2 NO. 25 JULY 1976

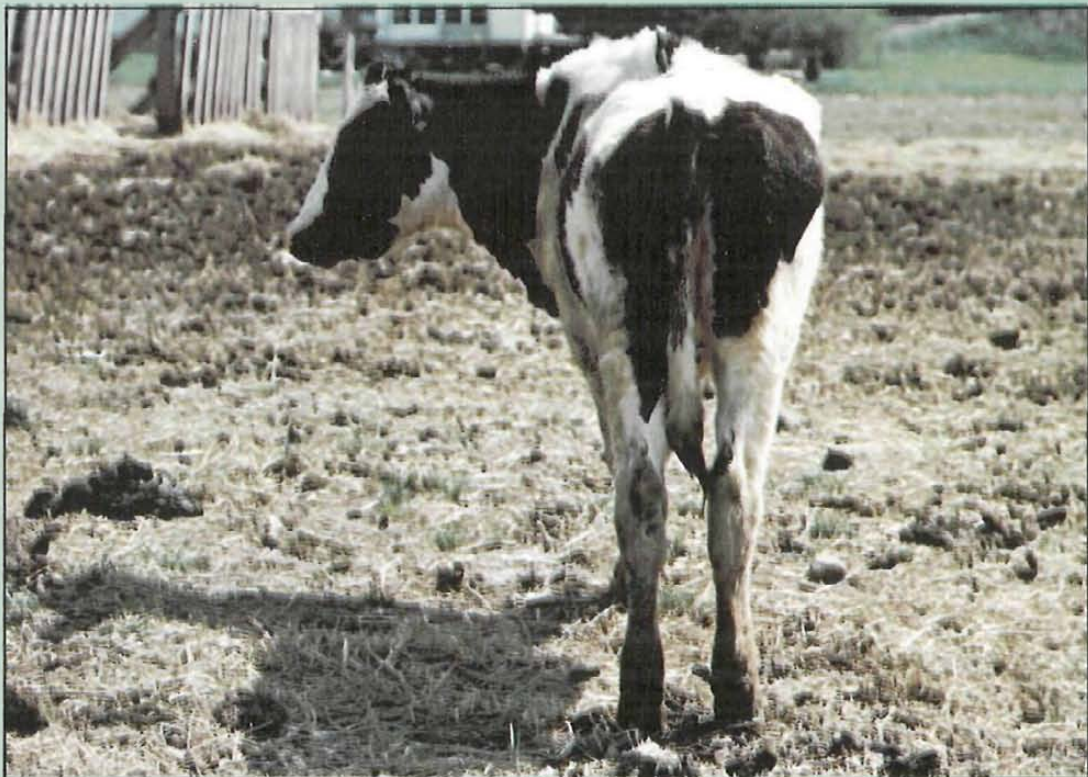
How you gonna keep them down in Paree, now they been up on the farm?

In case you're wondering what these words are at the top of the page, they're called a headline. A headline is the magazine word for the words you have to put somewhere on a spread about cunt and such to comply with the First Amendment. What it is is a switch around on the title of an old World War One song about our boys getting fucked in France which went, "How you gonna keep them down on the farm now that they've seen Paree," which is supposed to be the sexiest place on earth, being in France, so what we did is change it around so that now what it says is that you won't be able to keep healthy studs like our great *Gobbler* readers in a shithouse like Paree once they find out what they can get into on the farm, which we could have said just like that except it's way long for a headline (which

has to be pretty short to comply with the fucking First Amendment) and anyway it's the kind of fancy crap that's in these days, but what these photos are really about is all those great tight-as-a-v-grip holes you can stick your dick in around old MacDonald's place (that's another song—don't go trying to fuck a Big Mac), or if you can't get out of the Chi-town run, some hot, horny hole-shots you can slam the ham to while you're tooling down Interstate 80. Holes galore! Holes all over! Yours for the filling! Free! Holes you can dump your load in as often as you want without the worry of hospital bills, sitting in costly bars playing Freddy Fender till you puke, or having to hold a rusty Phillips screwdriver on some crud-bucket before she'll peel her stinking pants off. Yessir. This is cunt, country-style! And we helped!



HOLE IN A WATERMELON
Here's a great hole. Some folks on the farm call it coon-tang. All you do is cut a hole in the watermelon the size of your dick. Slip your dick in the hole. It's all pink on the inside. The melon, not your dick. (Our dick is, too, though.)



HOLE IN THE SOUTH END OF A COW
FACING NORTH

No need to cut anything here. There's two holes already. Take your pick. Stick your dick in your pick and move it back and forth until white stuff comes out the end. Like milking in reverse. You know what milking is.



HOLE IN A CHICKEN

Only one hole here. Easy to find. It's where its eggs come out and yours go in. Stick your dick in and move the chicken back and forth until white stuff comes out the end. Your dick, not the chicken. Watch out, though. Some chickens dig getting it up the egg hole, and go hot on you. Then it's a question of which came first—the chicken or you.

(continued from page 35)

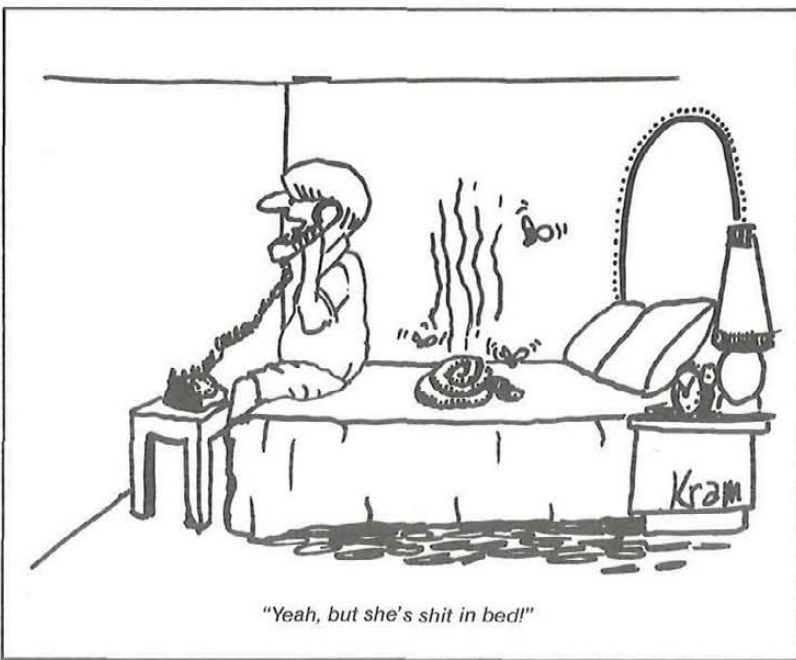
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THE PHILOSOPHER

**When it comes to sex, there
ain't no bad.**

BERTRAND RUSSELL

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"Yeah, but she's shit in bed!"

NEXT MONTH IN GOBBLER

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"Amazing!"

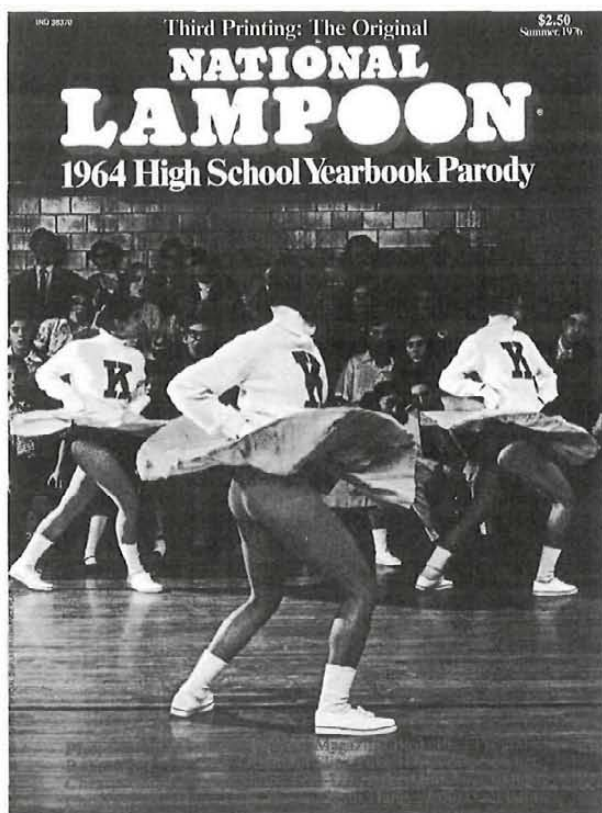
"Beautiful!"

"Terrific!"

"Wonderful!"

"Awesome!"

"Spectacular!"



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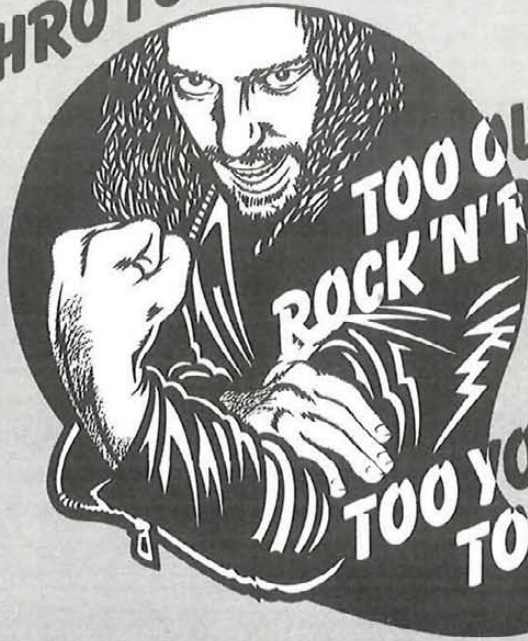
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JETHRO TULL



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

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Very filled
with personal
growth! Would be an
(A) if we gave grades

Ravi Shanker Baumstein
Learning Level 4
Soho Free Experimenta-
(L) Day School
New York, New York

What I Did Last Summer

Last summer I did many interesting things. The first interesting thing was when I got out of having to be in ~~the~~ Summer Sensitivity garden with the littler kids who we are supposed to be sensitive with because they are so open but some of them are so open that they poop and spit up at the same time and I wish they could be shut. But this year my Mother's play left town and we got to stay in a really neat Motel where all the walls were painted and you didn't have to get the key to go to the bathroom out in the hall. My Mother actresses in Off-Off Broadway Plays which are called this because they take place not in SP where near that street, all though

she sometimes also goes to welfare.^{SP}
This Play was about a lot of women who cried all the time when they weren't talking but later they hugged each other over and over again and decided to live in the same loft, all though of course it was really a stage all though really it was in the loft downstairs. Until it left ~~town~~ town. This was a interesting Play even though I would have liked a ~~some~~ ~~some~~ sword fight and not so much talking. But my Mother said that this was just my Matcho^{SP} and I should never ever^{SP} think of my male part as a wepon to hurt girls with. But I hadn't ever thought of that and besides it doesn't even sound like a good idea. I guess some of the women really decided to live together even throug^h it was a play. At least my Mother and Dora decided to be-
cause we went to live with her in a Hispan-o-American neighbor-
hood where my Mother and Dora

cried and hugged like in the Play
and then they'd giggle and giggle
and giggle until it made the platform
bed shake while I got to watch T.V.
Hispano-Americans are very interest-
ing because they cook ^(sp) there garbage
which I had never smelled ^(one word) any one do
before and they like to throw stuff out
the window and so do I. I got to see
my third daddy but he had ~~mejillas~~
mejillas [?] on the insides of his elbows
and my Mother made him go away.
I also got to see my first daddy who
came to see us with the social working
lady who is very nice but had a lot
of pictures that she didn't know what
they looked like and had to ask me.
But I told her they didn't look like
anything ^(sp) except the junk I saw after
I got done throwing up when my
third daddy made me eat all my
^(sp) payote which is a lot worse than
spinach no matter what ^(one word) any body
says. Then she asked me if I would
like to visit with my first daddy and
third mommy forever and I said

sure but the next day my Mother and I went to Fire Island with Dora and her friend Leon and a guy who is a girl or dresses like one. I didn't get to see my second daddy. He is Black-American. My Mother said he went away forever so maybe he is at my first daddy's house. Fire Island has a interesting ocean where a lot of dead things wash up but no T.V. Leon taught me many interesting games to play especially with my male part which my Mother now thinks I should be very open with though not in front of my first daddy. Leon taught me how to play with suntan lotion and our clothes off which was very interesting all though some things kind of hurt. These will be interesting games to play with my friend Jason if the same parents have custody of him this year. All in all it was a very interesting summer.

The End

Obligatory Sex Scenes

Three famous men, authors all of recent important novels (Spiro Agnew, William F. Buckley, and John Lindsay) have lately and often appeared upon prestigious talk shows to plug their respective books. Each member of this august trio has unblushingly observed that, yes, his tome does contain the "obligatory sex scene."

Clearly, these writers, all men of the world, have seen fit to trim the sails of their creative integrity to the prevailing winds of marketing considerations, motivated not by greed but rather by the desire for their significant and redemptive fictions to reach a wider audience than your ponderous and semiliterate political potboiler usually does.

Lest any of our readers, ever eager for sensual sensation, dash out and buy the Buckley book — thereby subsidizing further the man's unnatural tastes and politics — we excerpt and reprint here the entire of his "obligatory sex scene":

"Oh, yes," she expostulated. "Oh Supreme Being, oh my Supreme Being, yes!"

Always keen to follow the example of our elders and betters, we have taken it upon ourselves to write the "obligatory sex scenes" which, if included in the pages of well-intentioned but, alas, for the most part ignored classics of literature, will return these works to the popularity they deserve.

THE REPUBLIC by PLATO

"I do not understand how that can be so," replied Thrasymachus.

"Perhaps we should take an example," said Socrates, "to see if what I maintain is true in common nature."

"Very well."

"We have said that Love cannot be purely physical, and therefore mortal, for it is eternal and cannot die. Look at those birds over there. Their parents are doubtless dead, and yet they themselves, the embodiment of their parents' love, live on, and fly beautifully against the sunset, do they not?"

"They do, I agree," answered Thrasymachus.

"Just so. Then we must also agree that Love itself is Eternal, Beautiful, and True, must we not?"

"We must," agreed the chastened boy.

"Fine," continued Socrates, gathering his robes up before him. "Now bend over, and I'll drive you home."

The House at Pooh Corner

by A.A. MILNE

KANGA?" said Pooh, in his K I'm-Rather-Shy sort of voice.

"What is it, Pooh, dear?"

"Well, Kanga, Owl said that he . . . that is, someone said that you and Owl . . . I mean, Kanga, would it be alright if I

put my Tiddlepomp in your verywarmplace?" Pooh said this last part very fast, because he was Excited.

"I think that would be Very Nice, Pooh," said Kanga. "I was hoping you'd ask. In fact, I put rather a lot of Honey in there this morning, Just-in-Case." This Unexpected News made Pooh a Very Happy Bear indeed, and so he hummed a little Hum of Lust.

Oh in I hum

And out I hum

And up and down I'm humming

Titty bum titty bum

Titty bum bum bum

Sweet Christopher Robin! I'm coming!

WALDEN

by Henry David Thoreau

There are those who ask me about modern "fancy fucking," an illusion as great as "modern improvements," such as the magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas. I would rather fuck a squirrel on a bed of thorns than lie on a mass of velvet cushions being serviced by a painted octoroon from New Orleans.

Man in the primitive ages fucked

continued

NATIONAL LAMPOON 49

Obligatory Sex Scenes

continued

simply, with a free circulation. When the desire seized him he found an orifice and put his tool into it until he was satisfied. He did not engage in so-called fashionable positions, as useless as the gewgaws on the mantelpieces of Boston's mansions. He thrust his member in and out in a straightforward, honest manner with no ornamentation but his own body.

When I am asked whether I can live by fucking squirrels, I am accustomed to answer such, that I can live by fucking anything, a mole, a ferret, a hole in a maple tree. The human race is capable of finding strange bedfellows. But I went into the woods because I wished to masturbate. I wanted to commune with my own cock. Instead of fucking one hundred squirrels, stroke your own shmekel! Simplicity! Back and forth, up and down. Squeeze it, stroke it, make it harder than a ha'penny nail. Who needs to spend a king's ransom on female flesh when you can use your imagination and your sturdy two hands? And so I jerked off as frequently as the church bells rang in Concord, and I was not worse off for it. And I did not go blind, as my friend Emerson warned. My eyes have never been better.

Sherlock Holmes

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"The Adventure of the Extreme Unpleasantness"

It was a cold and foggy day in September of '98 when I next had occasion to call upon my remarkable friend Sherlock Holmes. I was greeted as usual at the entrance to my former, and his present, lodgings on Baker Street by the worthy Mrs. Hudson. "Do come in, Doctor," she said. "Mr. Holmes has been expecting you." So saying, the good housekeeper led me up the well-worn and familiar steps to the door of 221-B.

Holmes answered my discreet knock with a peremptory, "Ah, Watson. Do come in," his extraordinary powers of observation having doubtless informed him of his visitor's identity sight unseen. I entered, and beheld a singular tableau.

Holmes was engaged in an uncommonly spirited bout of sexual intercourse with a woman whom I immediately recognized as "the woman," the magnificent and enchanting creature whose acquaintance my friend had made during the adventure I have described in my journals as "A Scandal in Bohemia." Her dress and coiffure in disarray, Miss Irene Adler—for it was indeed she—thrashed and writhed upon the divan

beneath Holmes's persistent thrusting.

"Sherlock, oh Sherlock!" she cried in the extremity of her passion, addressing my friend with a familiarity I found both unusual and impudent. "I am spending, I am spending! Ah! I am spent!"

"Holmes!" I sputtered. "What the devil—"

"Orgasm, Watson, and a clitoral one, I believe," Holmes remarked.

"Yes, but...now see here, Holmes, this is the very limit. How can you—"

Without missing a stroke, and continuing despite his paramour's obvious state of exhaustion and satiation, my friend directed his steely gaze toward me and explained, "My dear fellow, the physical symptoms could not be more obvious. The intense flush in the cheeks. The labored breathing. The spasmodic quivering in the loins. After observing these plainly apparent symptoms, and taking into consideration the woman's sudden and rather passionate expostulations which you yourself have just heard, one would have to be a perfect fool not to conclude that Miss Adler has just experienced a delirious and ecstatic explosion of pleasure like a thousand pounds of nitroglycerine detonating in her love chamber."

"But it's so absurdly simple!" I cried in admiration. The endurance of my friend would have astonished a layman, but I, as a medical man, mentally ascribed it to the effects of tincture of cocaine injected just prior to the carnal engagement. Whether this accounted for the great detective's near-superhuman capabilities or no, Holmes would not divulge. Without ceasing his rhythmic penetrations, he reached into the pocket of the old smoking jacket he had evidently dropped to the carpet during the erotic revelries, removed a piece of foolscap redolent of cheap French perfume, and extended it to me.

"But come, Watson," he said, the excitement of what surely was a new case beginning to color his cheeks. "Have one of Mrs. Hudson's excellent buttered scones. Then direct your attention to this—a most intriguing missive, I think. I'll be done here in a moment, and then to work. The game's afoot!"

Shortly thereafter we were seated...

Contact Bridge

BY CHARLES GOREN

South opens. Seeing her vulnerable, North immediately raises.

South passes.

North finesses.

South sees that her partner is now fully raised and ready for action in her suit. She knows that if he completes play

while she is still weak, he will dummy and her hand will have to be strong enough for both of them. She has opened and it is up to him now. She passes.

North responds by leading with all he's got.

His club is stronger than she had dared hope.

He trumps her solidly once and then again.

North doubles and redoubles.

South is sure he is out of tricks.

He makes the grand slam, amazing her.

South responds by spreading her remaining cards, flushing royally.

Pride and Prejudice

by JANE AUSTEN

CHAPTER XLIII

The winding path that they had been following had grown narrower, and was overhung with branches that tore at Elizabeth's gown; soon it was but three feet at its widest part, when she espied, in the distance, an old summer house, dilapidated and overgrown with weeds and mosses, of a lonely and slightly forbidding aspect. As the first drops of rain began to fall, Mr. Darcy turned his steps towards the building, quitting the path and taking a shorter way through the tall grasses;—Elizabeth had little choice but to follow. He murmured something about the weather as they reached their destination; the door yielded easily to his touch, and they reached their haven just as the rain began in earnest.

The interior was empty of any furnishing, save for a small settee, towards which Darcy let Elizabeth;—and when she had seated herself, much to her amazement, he flung himself to his knees before her, and, in a change of mood that seemed as abrupt as the change of weather, began ardently to express his admiration for and devotion to her person. Elizabeth hardly knew how to respond!—was this the cold, arrogant Mr. Darcy, who had expressed such scorn for her on previous occasions? She was attempting to reply when an even more strange event took place;—to her great consternation, he lifted up her skirts, and disappeared beneath them!—in breathless accents did she beg him to desist; in ardent though muffled tone did he make negative reply, as he attempted, with no little difficulty, to undo her drawers; when he had succeeded in the latter, he stopped attempting the former; and Elizabeth was filled with the most delightful and confused sensations; she allowed to herself that they were certainly pleasurable, but at the same time wondered with rising alarm if she had, by her momentary weakness, allowed too much familiarity in their previous intercourse.

But her pleasure mounted to such an extent that she soon lost her fears in that direction. "Oh! Oh!" she cried, when she could contain herself no longer—"I am all in a flutter!—Mr. Darcy, your unexpected cordiality has left me quite speechless;—my previous coldness was unpardonable;—oh, my dear, dear Mr. Darcy;—how can you ever forgive me?—oh, oh, oh!"—and Mr. Darcy, whose head now emerged from beneath Elizabeth's petticoats, although another portion of his anatomy remained hidden from view, joined his voice to hers in an outpouring of sentiment to which no one, knowing his proud, aloof manner, might have responded without a great deal of amazement.

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, congregate, and come together in such form and manner; comprehending but not limited to fornication, copulation, coition, venery, adultery, incest, bestiality, concubinage, cumtitticus, fellatio, and such concomitant acts of sexual congress as hugging, humping, sucking, thrusting, squeezing, fisting, sweating, swearing, and screaming, as the people in their sole discretion shall deem appropriate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS

by Carl Sandburg

It was early in the spring of 1819. Young Abe had barely turned thirteen, but he already had a piece of manly equipment that had earned him the nickname *the Railsplitter*. Strong as Indiana maple it was, and straight and true as half a cord of good Michigan pinewood. Young Abe loved to read books, never mind if he understood them, and young Widow Harless would pay him for chores around her place with the loan of one of her French books, filled with pictures that set the young boy to dreaming. It was one day while Abe was walking on the ceiling that something happened to the boy that he would remember as a man. "Would you like to take a bath, Abe?" asked the widow. In those days country people would bathe together because water was scarce, and Abe was not abashed at the widow's request. "I cannot tell a lie," said Abe, who wanted a cleaning, because he was dirty. "But there is hardly room for you, me, and this sturdy Aspen between my legs in that small tub."

"Never you mind," said the widow, offering to suck the sap from out of that tree until it lay down as innocent as a limp radish when the wind rises out of the west and the scent of Jesus is in the cloud drift. So they bathed together, and another thing or two did they, and that was the first time that Abe understood the word Union. On the way home, he scratched a poem on the back of an

owl, using some chewed sassafras leaves for ink;

Abraham Lincoln visited the widdler.
Split her rails and then her beaver.
He would write more as the years went by.

"THE SONG OF HIAWATHA"

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
HIAWATHA'S HONEYMOON
Verse DCCLXXXVIII

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wig-wam,
Hiawatha stood and waited,
With his loin-cloth at his ankles,
And his manhood rigid standing,
Ready for the promised blow-job,
From his new bride, Minnehaha.
Minnehaha ho-ho hee-hee,
Laughing spread-out wide her
cunt flaps,
Fingered hard her fur-fringed fun
knob,
Took his wang within her
mouth-hole,
Humming on his come-flushed
coupstick,
Slip slop slurp slurp suck suck
gobbie.
With a rhythm repetitious,
Slipped her lips along his tent-
pole,
Forth and backward like the
metre
Of the third-rate verse we're
reading.
But forgotten were the plodding,
Boring, hackneyed lines of poesy,
As his load shot out her nostrils,
And she flopped back on the mud
floor.

MOBY DICK

by HERMAN MELVILLE

CHAPTER 101

The Pequod Meets the Delilah

"Ship ahoy! Hast seen the White Whale?"
So did Ahab cry his peremptory greeting to the snug three-master that bobbed in languid placidity abaft our port beam. She sported British colors, and appeared to be a ship unlike the whaling variety as constructed by either English shipbuilders or those of America, but rather seemed laden with a tamer cargo, be it textile or jute or breadfruit. Likely she was accustomed to milder climes and glassier waters, such as those we now mutually sailed. But the *Delilah's*—for that was her name—pleasure was proving Ahab's curse.
"Ahoj, ship!" cried the *Pequod's* commander. "Hast seen

Moby Dick? Or do ye not know of the beast?"

"Aye, sir!" called the *Delilah's* captain, a red-faced, swart man clad in rough bluecloth and jovial in expression. "Lower me, lads, and I'll pay this *Pequod* a visit." To Ahab he called in conspiratorial tone, "I've a yarn to spin for ye, sir. So make ready yer welcome. Will ye have me aboard?"

"I will," replied Ahab, his leathery hands working a belaying pin as a constable manipulates his billystick. "Lower, then, and be welcome."

The captain and mate of the *Delilah* were presently lifted aboard and met on the main deck by Ahab, accompanied by the mate Starbuck and the jocular Stubb. During this the crews of the two ships would peer across the narrow gulf that stretched between the vessels and exchange intelligence, as is a seaman's wont. "Halloo, there! *Delilah!* Where are ye bound, and with what cargo?"

"Ahoj, *Pequod!* To San Salvador, with caskets of rosewater, and tafe! And what of yourself?"

"Outward bound, and in search of the white whale! No less!"
"What! Are ye daft, then, my laddies?"

"Avast! Avast, and shove it!"

Meanwhile Captain Bammer, for so was the *Delilah's* commander called, complimented Ahab on his vessel, and the two men exchanged discussion of climatic conditions and the mood and manner of the adjacent seas. But Ahab was greatly impatient for word of his quarry, and soon could restrain himself no longer. "Come, sir, what word have ye of the White Whale? You've a yarn to spin, ye tell me. Spin it, I say, for I am sore cager to lower for the beast and have at it."

"Mayhap you've already met the monster a time previous, hey, Captain?" Bammer asked, his eye studying Ahab's leg of white bone. "We of Britain are as familiar as any Yankee with the proclivity of this leviathan to gnaw the limb of whoever happens—"

"Proclivity be damned, sir!" spat Ahab. "Have ye a tale to tell, or no?"

"My apologies, sir." And here Bammer did smile, but whether to placate the temperamental Ahab, or at some private recollection, no man could say. "For a tale I do have to tell, sir, and by your leave will now reveal it."

"It was nigh onto a year ago that I was homeward sailing from a ten-month mission in search of the spermaceti, and a blessed voyage it had been, gentlemen; for we were loaded to the mizzen with good sperm. We had a clean wind, a happy crew, and the promise of prosperity awaited us in Portsmouth, come landfall. All omens declared the success of the venture—"

"Avast!" Ahab cried. "And 'twas then you spied the beast, is it? Aha, yes! I know him—and in the prettiest of weather, does he arrive to torment and—"

"Bless me, sir, no!" Bammer laughed. "Never saw the creature. For we reached our port with three days to spare, without mishap. No, sir, neither shark nor storm, nor any whale, white or red or green, did disturb our progress. My point is this, then: two days we were docked in Portsmouth harbor. The lads were nearly all in town, visiting wives or sweethearts or making merry over meat and ale . . . and my mate, Mr. Sprocket—pardon, Sprocket, Captain Ahab, Captain, Sprocket—Mr. Sprocket here suggests that I hic myself ashore and celebrate with my own wife."

"Well, Sprocket," says I, 'I'd take yer advice, saving for the fact that the wife is dead and buried for three years. And a pretty lass she was in her time, by God.'

"Well then, sir," he says, bold as brass, 'every seaman knows what dalliances can be had in Portsmouth by a healthy sailor with a bit of silver in his pocket . . . and he winks at me, Sprocket you rascal! Ah, Sprocket, you are a rogue.'

"Hist, man!" Ahab interrupted impetuously. "What of the whale! What of Moby Dick?"

"In time, sir, in time. So it strikes me that this first mate's suggestion is as tantalizing as it is impudent, and with Sprocket minding the ship I betake myself for a constitutional along one of several byways through the city that boasts various . . . establishments, if you comprehend me, gents."

"Aye, and too plainly, sir. For there's no good in such dalliances, if you ask me," Starbuck opined.

"But more, sir," Stubb urged. "And pray be specific."

Again Bammer laughed, apparently oblivious to Ahab's silent fury and frustration. "You've an ear for detail, is it? Very well, then. I betook me to an establishment called The Cask o' Sperm, and can ye not tell by the place's very name how welcome a whaling man is made to feel therein? And after certain . . . arrangements . . . I found myself in a nicely appointed room, all frills and lace and satin divans, don't ye know, and a comely lass barely eighteen summers old ready to do my bidding. A gay young thing she was, too, and sporting—"

"The teats!" Stubb cried, unmindful of the man's rank. "Tell of the teats!"

"Ay, lad! Teats there were, and a full complement of them, two in all. Hefty as casabas from the Caribbee they were, full round and—"

"Damn your eyes!" Ahab bellowed. "Did ye or did ye not see the White Whale?"

"Have patience, Captain, for I tell of the beast in but a moment. So, gents: here was I, ten months from the sight of woman, and now before me kneeled this angel of mercy. 'Shall I disrobe, my dear,' say I. 'If you please, your honor,' she replies. And does so as well."

"The flukes!" Stubb panted, meaning by this the legs. "What of her flukes?"

"Twin monuments to alabaster purity, my lads. And at the sight of one another did we commence into heavily respiring, and each ardent carress I gave her she returned—aye, and with more fervor than you'd expect from one so professionally

continued on page 75

NATIONAL LAMPOON 51

NATIONAL LAMPOON IMPERSONAL ADS

More than twenty confidential advertisements from guys, gals, and couples who don't want to meet you.



N-82,561-NY COUPLE

Attractive couple, he 29 and well endowed, she 24, 38-25-36, couldn't be less interested in oral sex, let alone mate-swapping and the rest of that stuff.

N-63,478-NJ HANDSOME

College-educated single male would like to exchange photographs of himself fully clothed with women 18-24 whom he has known for at least two years.

N-96,661-IL FIRST AD

Hi! This is my first ad. I'm a sensitive young lady with a pretty face and a good build. I'm shy but willing to try all cultures with the kind of person who wouldn't be caught dead reading this. So you can count yourself out.



N-68,372-MI BIG BREASTS

Do you like big breasts? Then I'm sorry, because this isn't my picture. In fact, I don't look a thing like this. I'm not even a girl.

L-71,615-ND OLDER COUPLE

Unattractive older couple who don't even do it with each other anymore. We're definitely not what you'd call young at heart, and we take a dim view of these goings-on, whatever they are.

N-78,354-GA TWO GALS

Good-looking, together, asexual females, 23 and 28. We entertain clean, generous notions. What are your innermost secret desires? How should we know? What do you want from us, anyway? Why don't you get out of here?



N-70,753-IN STRAIGHT

We're a middle-aged couple who don't want anything to do with anybody.

N-68,254-CA GAY OR BI

Gay or bisexual? Then *forget it!* I sure don't want you coming around my house.



L-92,346-V SEXY

I'm a beautiful, sexy, eighteen-year-old female who's into French, Greek, and Roman cultures plus B&D, S/M, Polaroids, and everything else, but I already have all the friends I need.

L-15,661-SC LOVE IT

I love "doing it" with my husband. I'd love "doing it" with you, too, if you were my husband. But you aren't.

L-83,632-M DIRTY PANTIES

Send \$5 and I won't mail you my dirty panties.

M-43,347-AR GENTLE

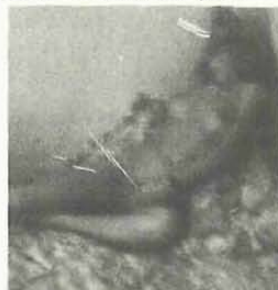
Gentle, kind-hearted girl seeking generous older men to leave all their money to the American Cancer Society or other worthy cause.

N-63,875-NJ SUBMISSIVE

Ugly, retarded girl doesn't really want to do anything but just sit there. Drools a lot.

L-28,514-WI THREESOME

Fun threesome looking for a fourth for bridge. Age, sex, no barrier. Oops, nope, Betty just called and said PTA isn't until tomorrow night after all. Sorry we bothered you.



N-81,118-OR ALL THE WAY

Pretty young lady willing to go all the way with handsome, financially secure young man as soon as they're married. And you can just take your hands right off me because I *mean* it, Jack.



L-27,317-MO PAIN AND HUMILIATION

Pain and humiliation? I should think so! Why the heck would anyone let themselves be tied up like that? I sure don't know. This is one of the most disgusting things I've ever seen. I didn't know stuff like this even existed. And I'm not happy I found out, either. Believe you me.

M-91,927-CA SLIM, ATTRACTIVE

Handsome male, 32, college-educated executive, ready for fun and adventure, but my wife has a headache and wants to go home. Besides, the sitter gets \$2.50 an hour after midnight and I've got to be at work first thing in the morning.



L-77,844-VI HUGE BREASTS

I have really huge breasts. Won't some organization help me get the plastic surgery I so desperately need?

M-54,249-TX LONELY

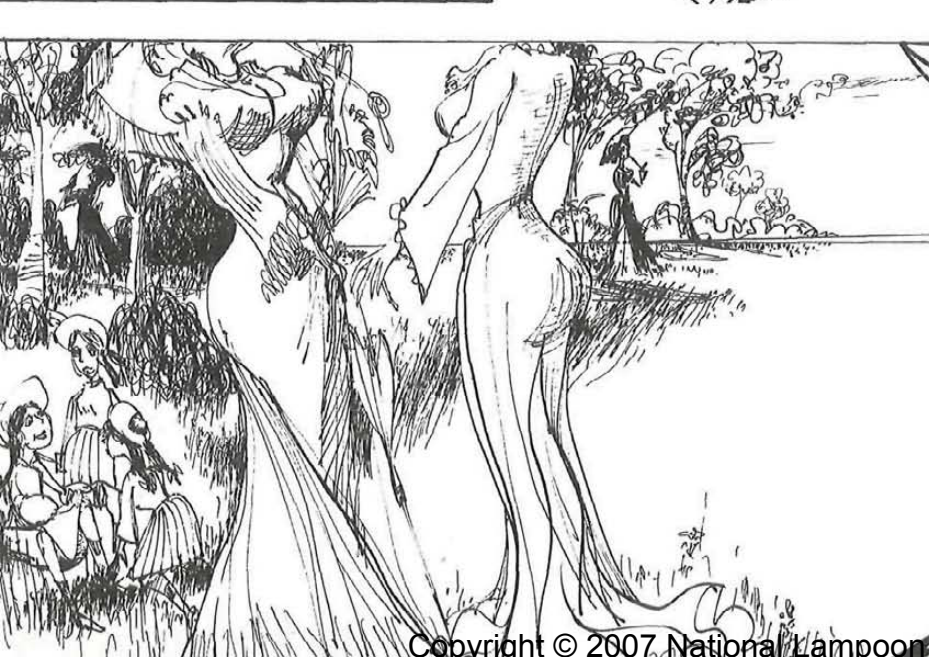
Are you a lonely woman with a need for a patient and understanding friend to share the good things in life with? They why don't you become active in church groups or the local garden club or someplace where you'd have a chance to get out and meet people? Really, you shouldn't just sit at home. You're not being fair to yourself.



N-24,920-NY UNAVAILABLE

Experienced swinger has had enough. Entering monastery.

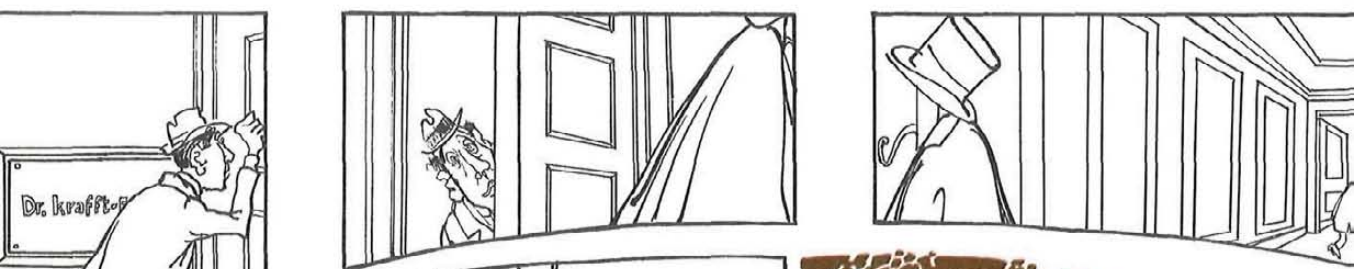
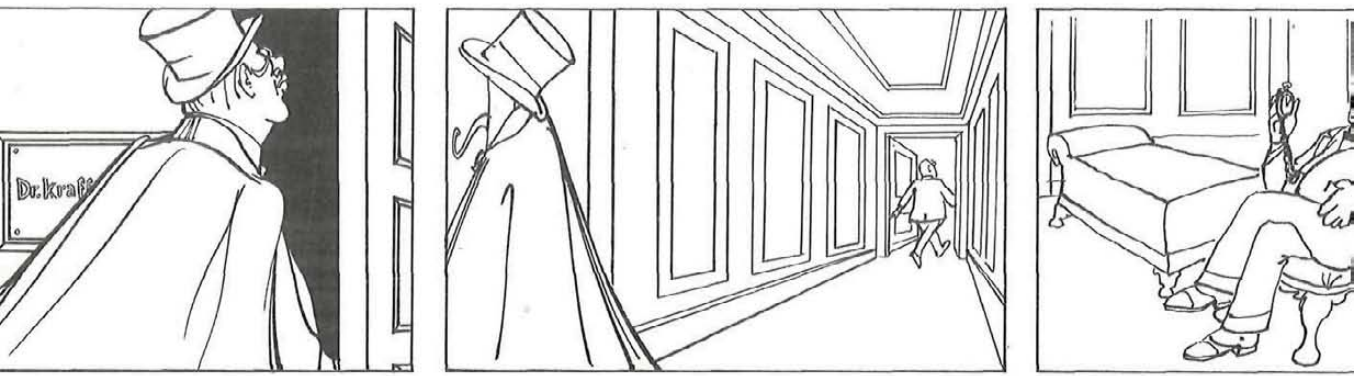
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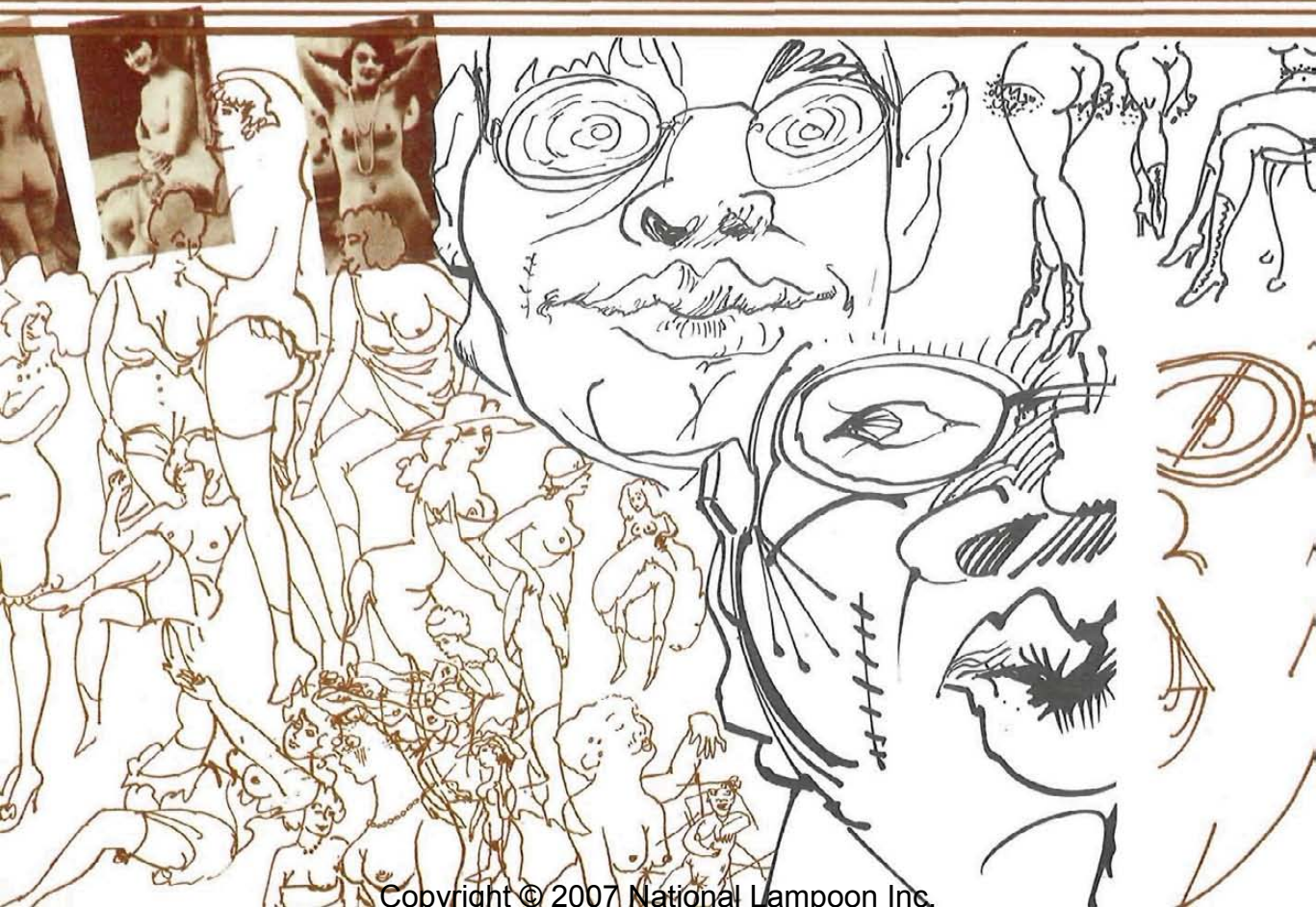
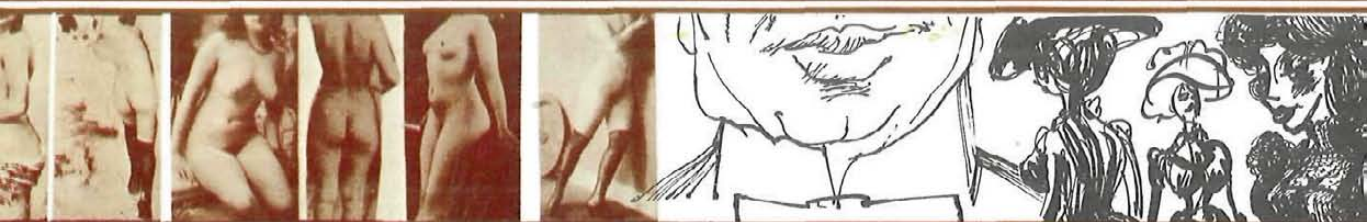
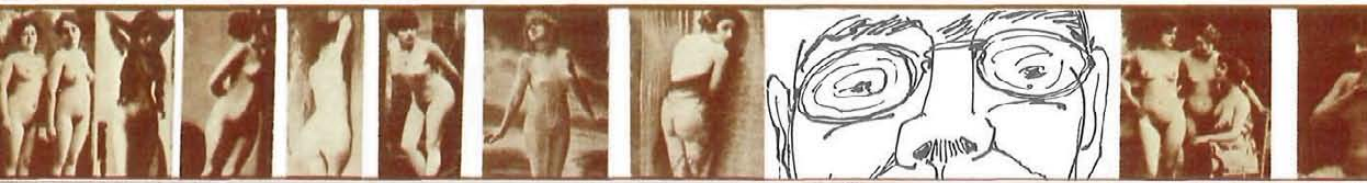


DR. KRAFFT-EBING

David ...









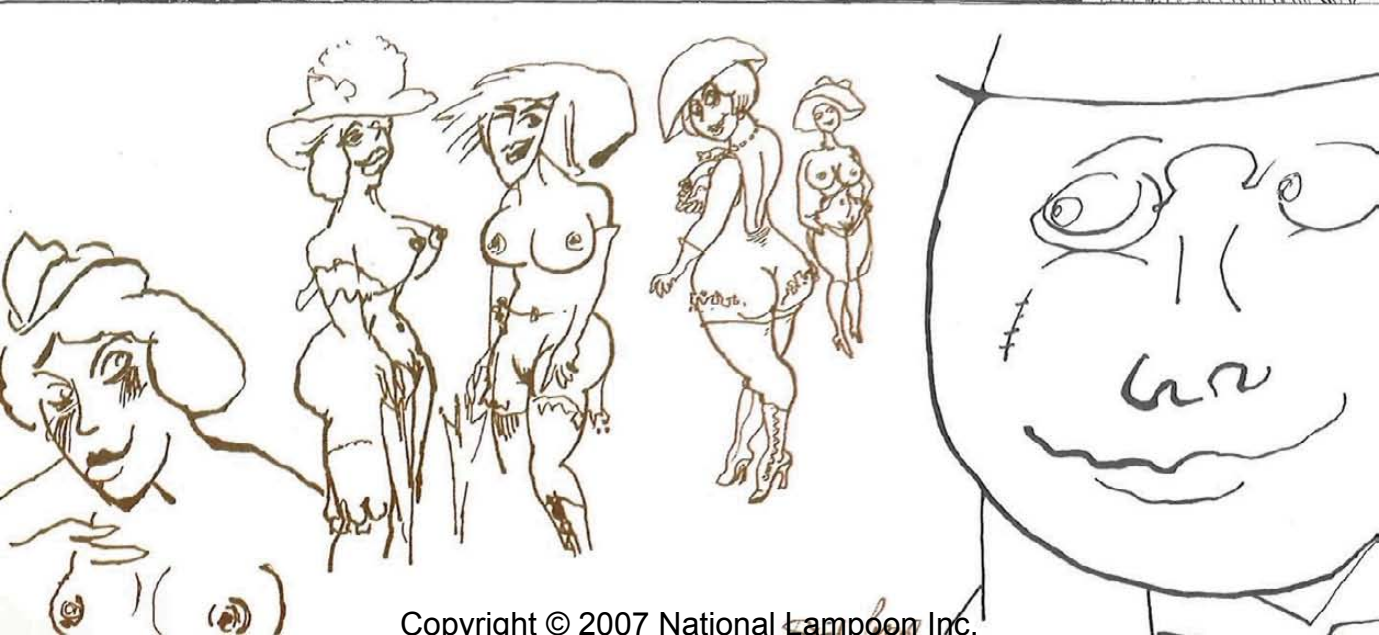
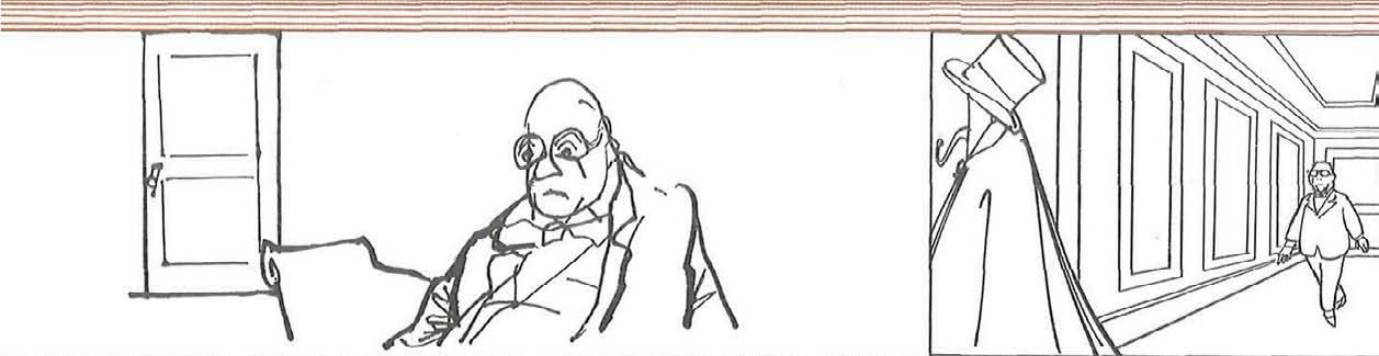


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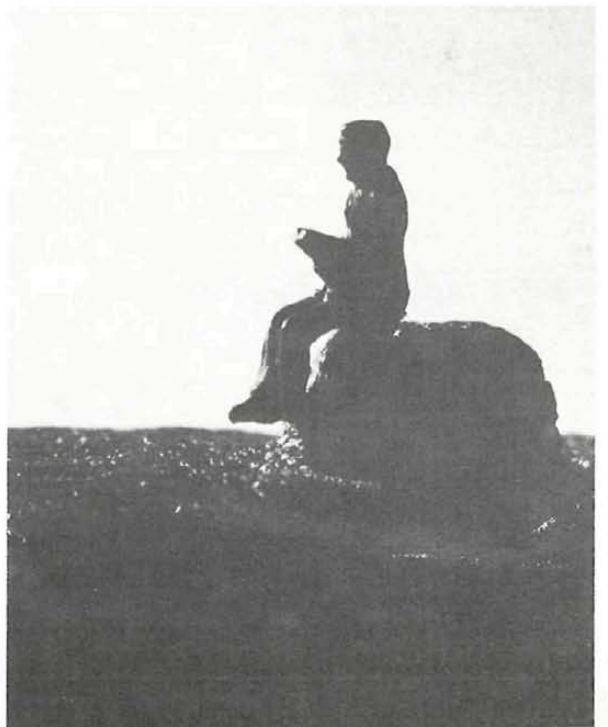
There Is Life on Uranus!



photographed by Allan Teger

NATIONAL LAMPOON 59

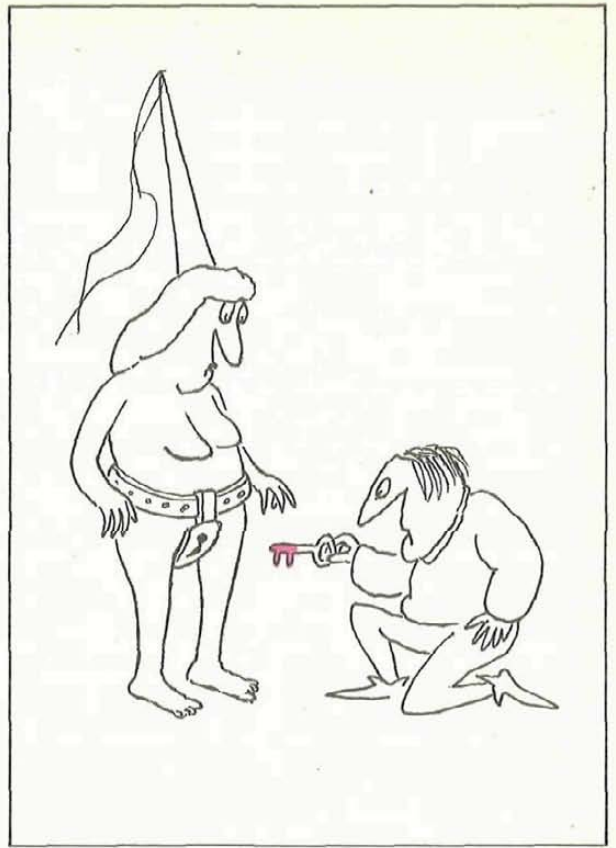
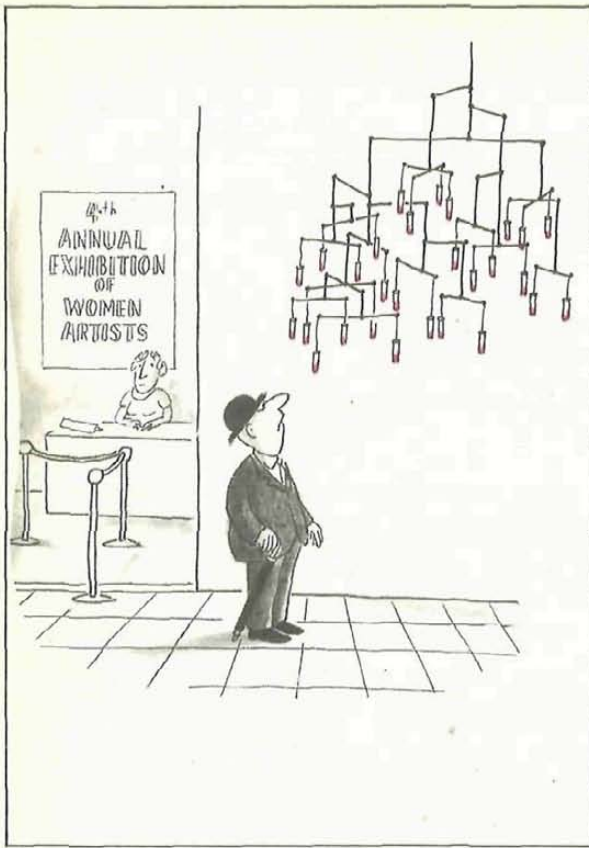
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Jammin' with Sam

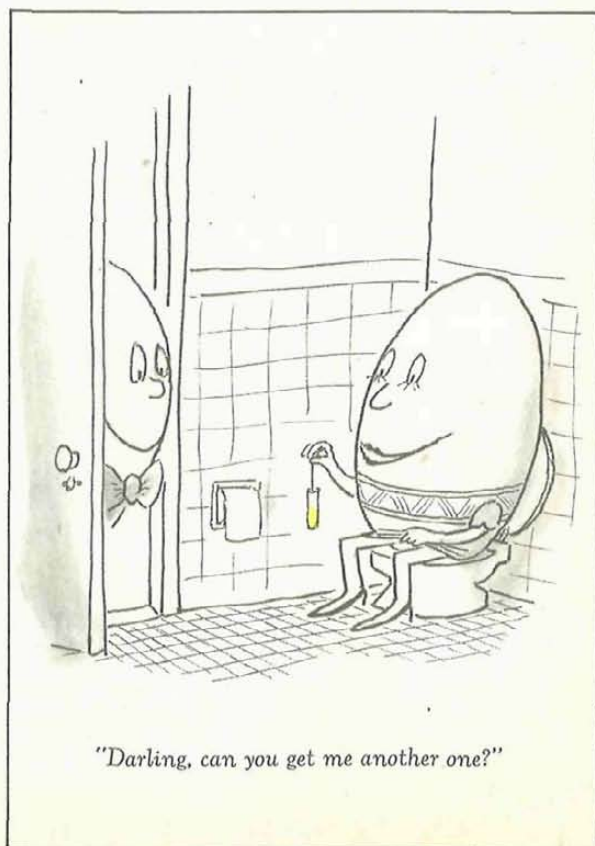
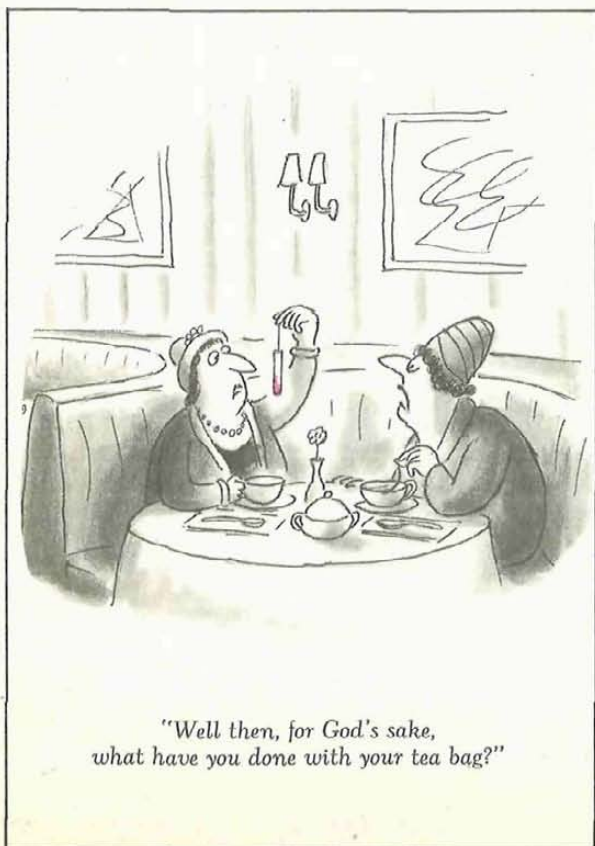
A tribute by Sam Gross to the lunar cycle.





S. GROSS

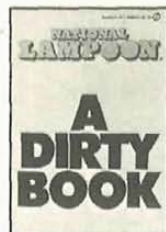
"I don't think it's anything to worry about. After all, it is the Bicentennial."



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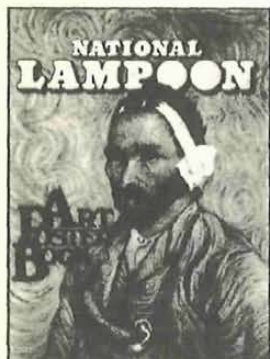
The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5 (BO1009) 1975 \$2.50



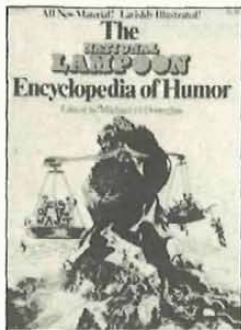
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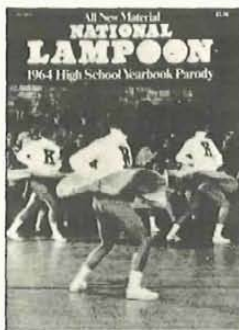
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LOOKING FOR MS. GOODBOD

by Ellis Weiner

THE DISCOVERY

The last person to see Ronald Green alive was Alice Stone, a secretary who, like Green, also frequented Ms. Goodbods, a Manhattan singles club. Stone's account of her experience with Ronald Green, and her description of the scene of his death, appear below.

"He was a real nurd, you know? I mean, like a couple of times I saw him hanging around the bar and coming on to people...I never saw anyone go with him, though....You could tell he thought he was some great stud or something...what? Yeah...anyway, I got to Goodbod's that night about eleven-thirty, and I'm sitting at the bar having a White Russian? And this creep comes over to me and kind of tries to smile real sexy, which is a joke, and he says, 'I bet you're a Capricorn. I'm a Scorpio, and Scorpions are ruled by their genitals.' *Genitals!* Are you ready for this? What a jerk...huh?...yeah. So what could I do, I kind of smiled at him, meaning forget it, but he won't take no for an answer...So finally I say to him, 'Excuse me, I'm waiting for someone, and I would appreciate it if you would sort of fuck off....' I mean, some guys think that all they have to do is look at you and you're gonna make it with them, right? ...So he gets mad and says, 'I don't know, something like, 'Yeah, well, fuck you too, you cunt,' and grabs my purse and runs out the goddamn door! That son of a bitch!" (Pauses until anger subsides.)

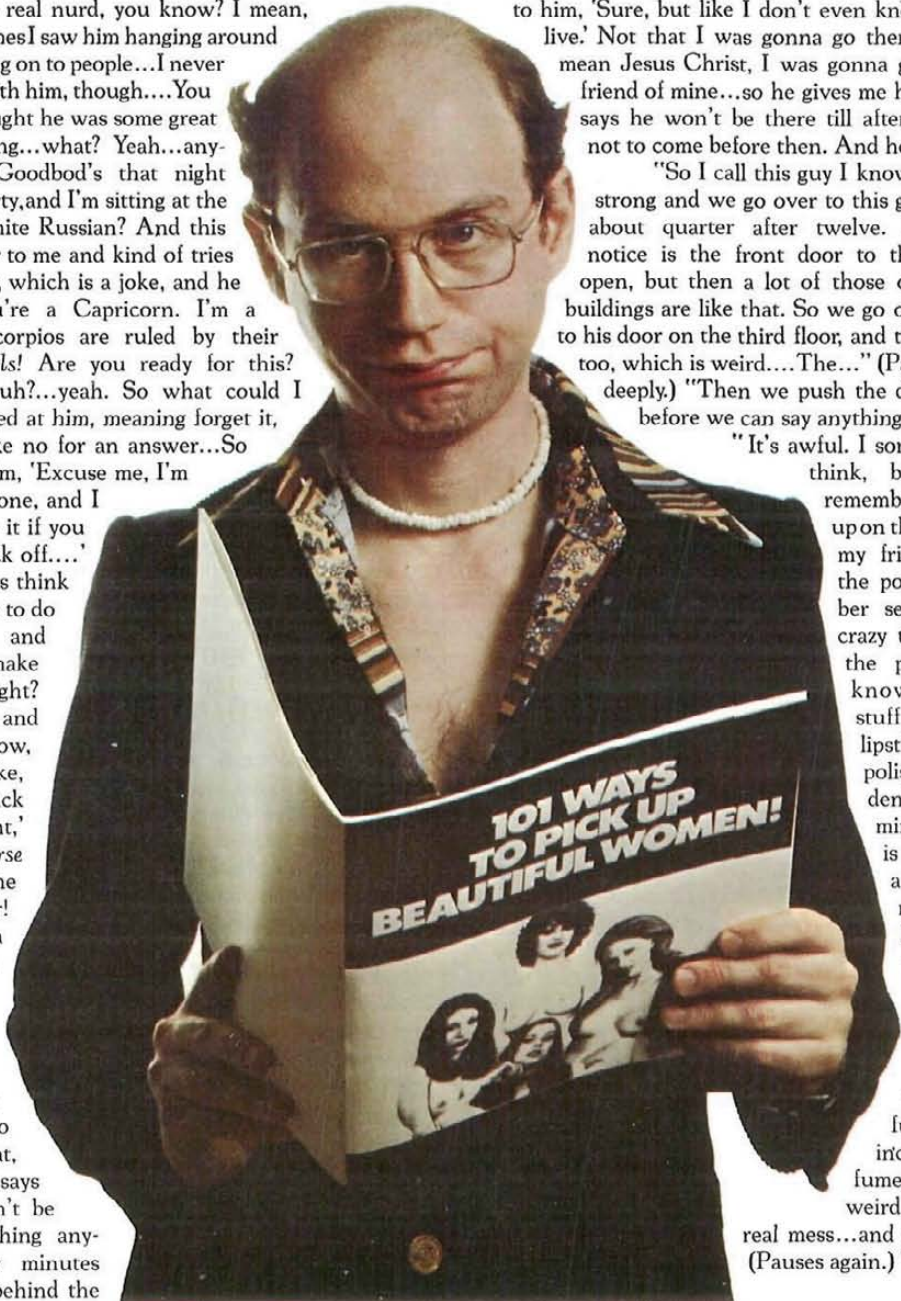
"Anyway, I just sat there burning up, I didn't know whether to call a cop or what, and somebody says the cops wouldn't be able to do anything anyway....So a few minutes later the phone behind the

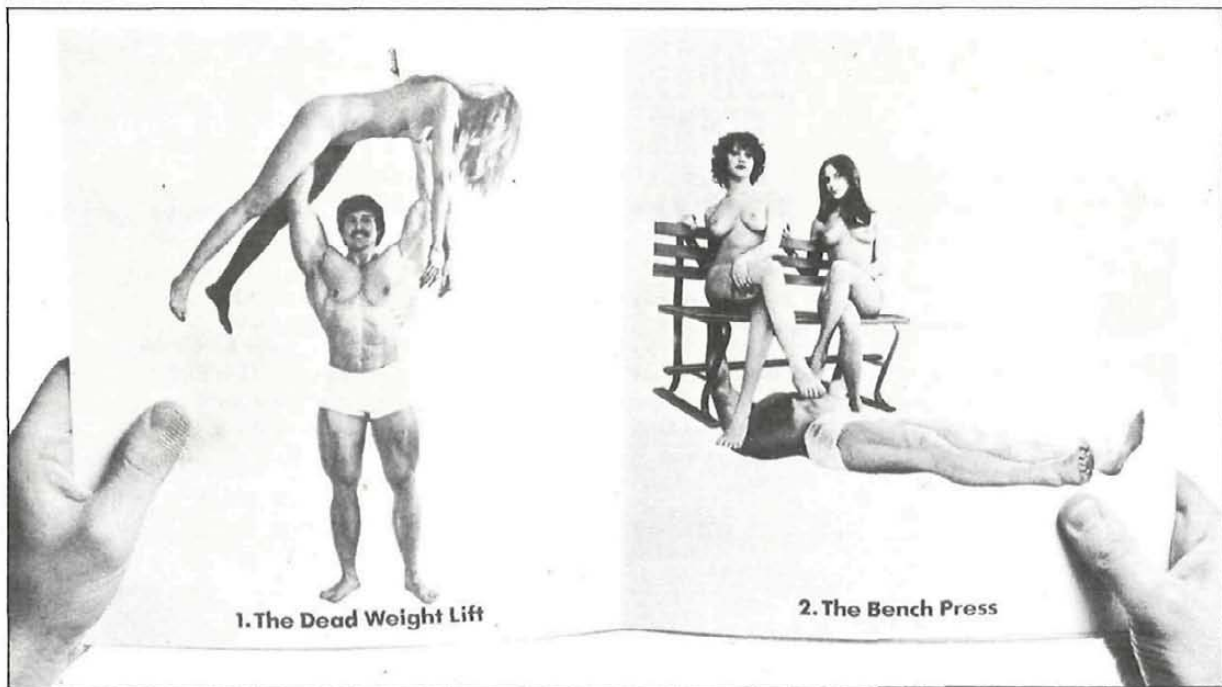
bar rings and Jill the bartender says it's for me, and it's this guy, and he says, 'Listen, Alice—' Huh? I don't know, maybe he knew my name 'cause he read it on the ID in my wallet...he says, 'Listen, Alice, I got your stuff here at my place, you wanna come up and get it?' And I figure it's his weird way of getting me into his apartment, right? So I say to him, 'Sure, but like I don't even know where you live.' Not that I was gonna go there by myself, I mean Jesus Christ, I was gonna get a cop or a friend of mine...so he gives me his address and says he won't be there till after midnight, so not to come before then. And he hangs up.

"So I call this guy I know who's pretty strong and we go over to this guy's place. It's about quarter after twelve. First thing I notice is the front door to the building is open, but then a lot of those old West Side buildings are like that. So we go on, and we get to his door on the third floor, and that's unlocked too, which is weird....The..." (Pauses, breathes deeply.) "Then we push the door open and before we can say anything, we see him.

"It's awful. I sort of fainted, I think, because all I remember is waking up on the couch while my friend is calling the police. I remember seeing a lot of crazy things all over the place — you know, woman's stuff, mascara and lipstick and nail polish — and suddenly I realize it's mine! All my stuff is thrown all around the room! And he's lying there on the floor, there's music coming from somewhere, smoke all over the room, this funny smell like incense or perfume, and jars of weird things...it's a real mess...and there he is..." (Pauses again.) "Anyway, he's

continued





1. The Dead Weight Lift

2. The Bench Press

lying in the middle of it all, looking like he was...I don't know, *raped* or something, scratched, or like, *bitten* to death. Everything's...there's blood all over....And my friend says to me, 'Wow, like this guy looks like he was torn to pieces by a bunch of horny women.'

"And it did! All those little marks all over him, and... like there was, you know, like lipstick on his cock....Then I look around the place and see all this stuff he's got, the zodiac poster with the different positions—oh, yeah, everything is purple, sort of, because he's got these black lights everywhere—and pillows and magazines and ointments and vibrators and sex books like *The Joy of Sex* and all.

"Anyway, the cops got there a little while later, and that's what the detective said, too. I mean, about this guy being sexually attacked by a bunch of women. Like they were all crazy about him. Like he was really was, you know, this great stud or something...."

RONALD

They didn't look at him for almost thirteen years, and by then it was too late. He was an oboe prodigy, and between the oboe, his fingers, his toes, and his bottle, he always had something in his mouth. His parents hardly paid attention to him; as long as they heard him practicing they thought everything was all right. They spent most of their time praising his younger brother, David, who was smart and well-behaved and talented and handsome and wonderful.

Ronald remembered little of when he was a toddler. There was an image of a beach, and David building a wall of sand bricks made from a small plastic brick-maker. Ronald was sitting at the edge of the water, and it felt nice, the surf washing up and into his bathing suit and getting him wet inside. Then out of nowhere his mother called to him, "Ronald! Stop having fun and help your brother! Go get sand for your brother!" So he stopped and trudged off to carry sand to David. After the wall was built, David pushed Ronald onto it, destroying the wall and getting Ronald covered with sand. Their mother praised David for building the wall and screamed at Ronald for wrecking it.

David is performing open heart surgery on their cat. It is a successful operation, and the whole family is applauding him and saying how wonderful he is. "David is a genius, and is physically very attractive," remarks Ronald's grandmother. "Ronald, on the other hand, always has something in his mouth." Everybody laughs except Ronald. He runs upstairs and flings himself down on the bed and has a dream in which he kills David and wins the Nobel prize.

He had buck teeth. Nobody ever saw his mouth for twelve years, so his teeth had grown almost parallel to the ground. They protruded so much he was able to balance peas on his upper teeth without them rolling off. His parents felt guilty for a while. They offered to get him braces, but he had become very sensitive about the matter and said he would rather die. He retreated into himself, spending his time reading paperback novels and magazines and playing the oboe. Around the age of thirteen, he began to wonder about sex. What was it? What did it feel like? Would he ever know? He would remember his adolescence as a vague period of frustration marked by playing the oboe, balancing peas, and feeling miserable. Then something happened.

He was fourteen. He was in his bedroom, looking at a copy of *Playboy*. (He bought *Playboy* because he liked to think of himself as the kind of young man who read *Playboy*.) *Our Miss July*, pretty *Debbie Sue*, is the kind of girl who likes moonlight, champagne, poodles, and parties, he read, and he wondered if he was the kind of guy that kind of girl would want to...suddenly he felt a stirring in his groin. He stopped and thought: could he? No. But yes...why not? With increasing excitement, he unbuckled and unzipped his pants and pulled them down. Then his shorts. Staring intently at the picture of the naked woman in the magazine, he fondled his penis. Soon it was hard, and he began stroking it. Up and down, up and down, and it felt good. His mouth was dry, his blood was pumping hard, and he stroked faster, and felt something building up inside, and he stroked harder, and he felt a gathering inside himself that was building up, building up, and oh, oh, oh—

There was a knock on the door. It opened. It was his mother. "Ronnie, why don't you practice your oboe for a change?" His penis wilted, his mother screamed, "Oh my God!" He wanted to kill himself.

He never forgave her.

In high school, he agreed to have braces put on his teeth, and by senior year they were normal, the only after-effect of the experience being a slight lisp in his speech. He had continued with his oboe studies and had kept mostly to himself. David was quarterback of the football team, president of the honor society, and had won the community Jaycee's Human Being of the Decade Award for Young People.

One afternoon, a student teacher leading his English class asked him if he wanted to see *Blow-Up* with her that night, and he said yes. Ronald liked to think of himself as the kind of guy who could handle almost anything with women (even if they were older than he, which the student teacher was), but nonetheless he was shocked when the girl suggested they go somewhere after the movie and park. When they arrived at the spot, Ronald wondered how to lead up to the business of sex with her.

"Wanna see my tits?" she asked.

"Uh...um...I...uh...yeth," he said weakly. What was going to happen?

"Wait a sec..." She reached behind her back and did something. "There. Whattaya think?" She displayed her breasts for him like trophies. "Nice, huh?"

"Uh...yeah...nithe." He was confused, anxious. He tried to calm down by reminding himself that this was the kind of thing that always happened to a guy like him.

She helped him to undress, then undressed herself and climbed into the back seat. Then she motioned for him to join her. *Oh my god, this is it!* He climbed over the seat and faced her. She was propped up against one side of the car, her legs spread, smiling. "C'mon, Ronnie, wha's the matter? Oh, don't tell me you're a virgin! Oh, wow, too much!" Embarrassed, he allowed her to manipulate him until he was hard, then guide him into her. He moved a

little. She moaned. He was intensely anxious, and a voice inside him said, *Something's going to happen.* What did that mean? Then she took hold of his hips and started to move, and he moved with her, and it felt marvelous, and she was moaning, and he felt a knot inside him begin to pull tighter and tighter, and he felt as though he were reaching for something inside her, reaching and reaching and yes, yes, yes—

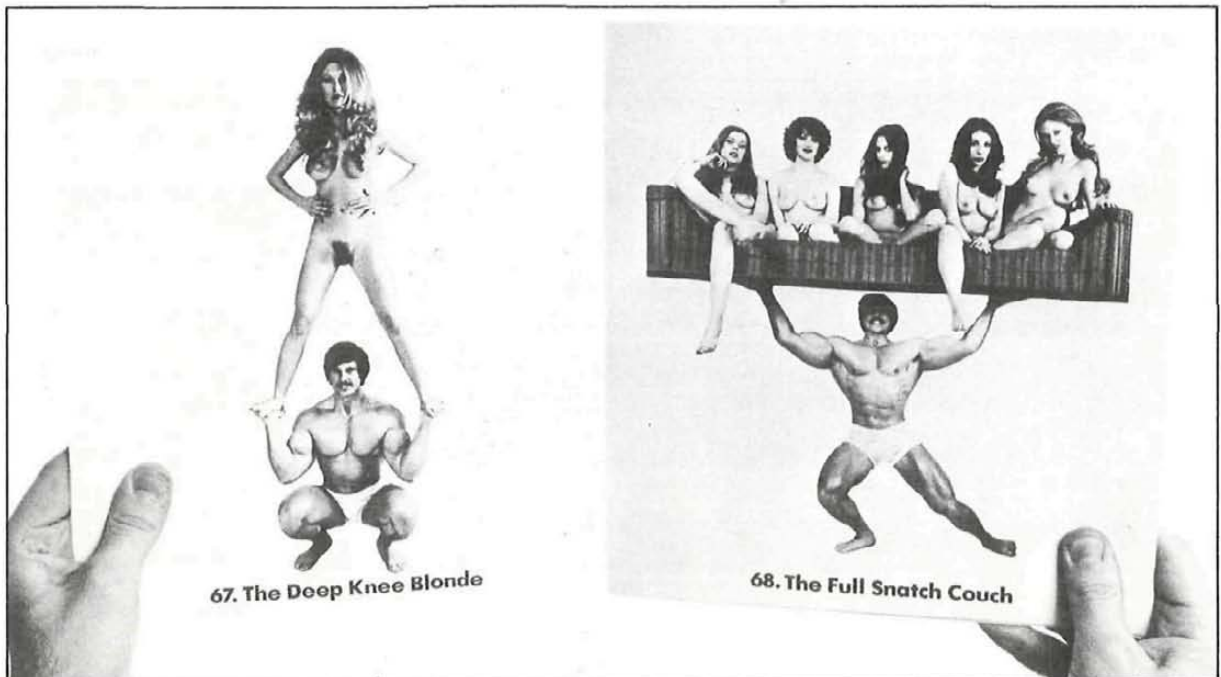
There was a blinking of red, and a flashlight blinded him, and a gruff voice said, "Awright, knock it off, and lemme see your license and registration."

When the police left, he took her home. He no longer spoke to her during English class. After graduation, he never saw her again.

In college he stayed pretty much to himself. He majored in music, intending to teach it after graduation. David had gone on to marry the princess of a southeast Asian principality, and wrote his family letters about banquets and gala celebrations where everyone wore jewels and drank expensive wines and ate candied hummingbird's wings. Everyone at home praised David and the life he had made for himself, and then they asked Ronald if he was still playing the oboe. Then they all laughed and Ronald smiled weakly. One day he got a postcard in which David wrote that he really wasn't very happy as crown prince of the country, but Ronald didn't believe it.

Ronald decided to take steps to combat his shyness and nervousness. He liked to see himself as the kind of a guy who was quietly knowledgeable about sex and sensuality, so he read everything he could find about sexual technique, how to improve personality, how to meet and succeed with women—anything that seemed related to women and pleasure. He subscribed to *The Penthouse Forum*. He watched James Bond movies four and five times each, and tried speaking with a slight Scottish accent like Sean Connery. He memorized arcane terms from the *Kama Sutra* and *The Perfumed Garden*. He read Henry Miller and Chaucer. He decorated his apartment with Day-Glo zodiac posters

continued on page 84



Early American Fucke Art

Text by Gerald Sussman
Art by Eric Von Schmidt,
Laurie Aleite, & Peter Kleinman
Photographed by
Jerry Friedman



Jugware (originally called Juggware). Circa 1823. This is the earliest known sample originated by master potter Mordecai Wainscott of New Parsimony, Rhode Island. It was done as a wedding gift from Ezekiel Snod to a Miss Molly Jugg, in tribute to her shapely and ample bosom. Evidently, friends of the happy couple took a liking to the gift, because potter Wainscott was soon besieged with offers to create more bosomy vessels. His small shop was converted to a factory, and he turned out superb Jugware with perfectly shaped breasts—round melon types, pears (customers could specify Anjou, Bartlett, or Comice), plums, even eggplants. Wainscott had many imitators, but you can always tell an original by the variations in the nipple work. Every Wainscott was created for a specific woman. His imitators used a few standard shapes, simply glued in place.

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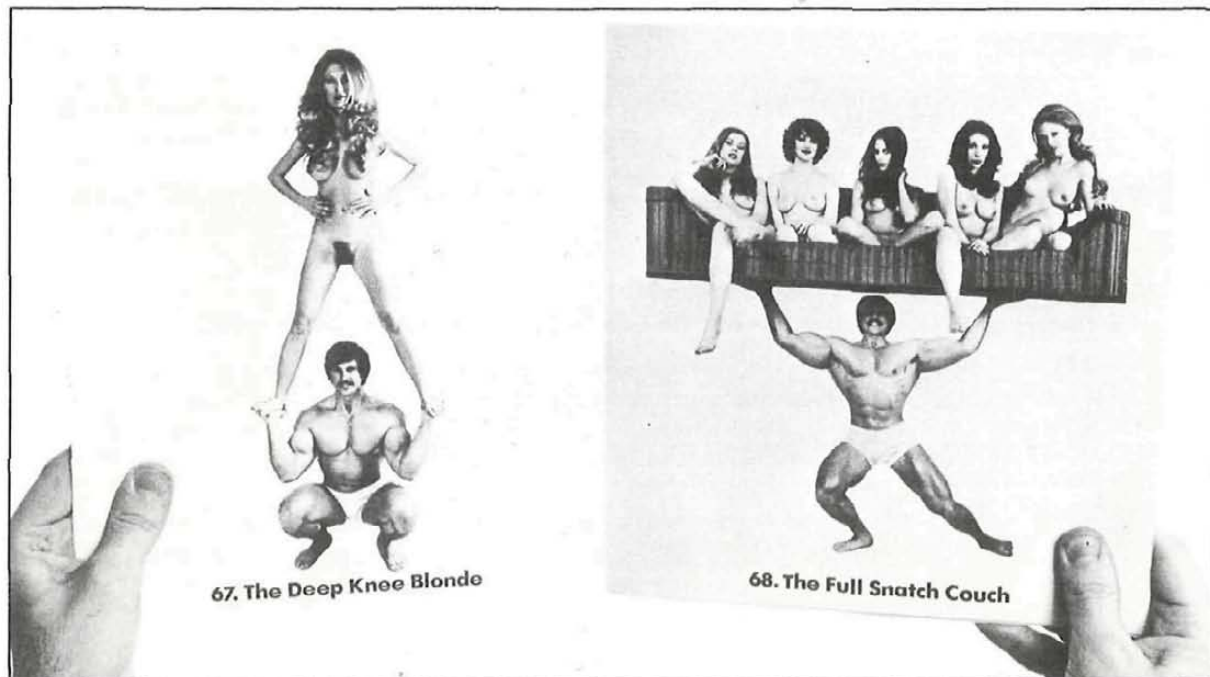
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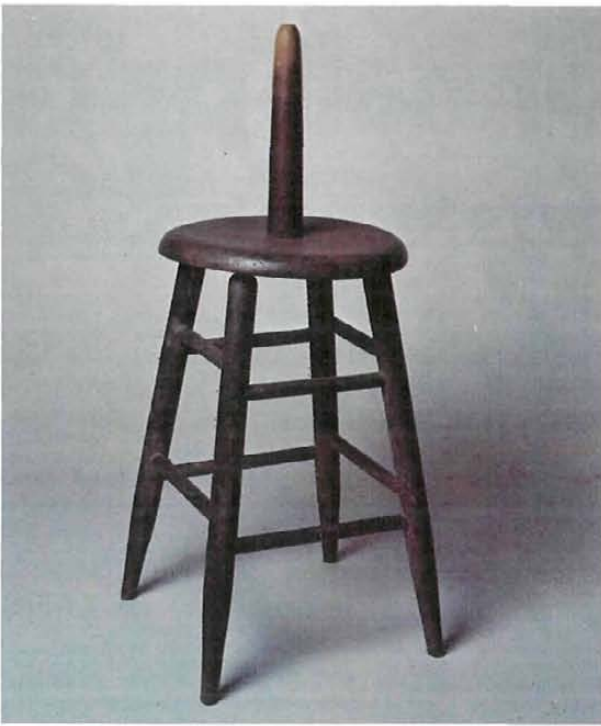
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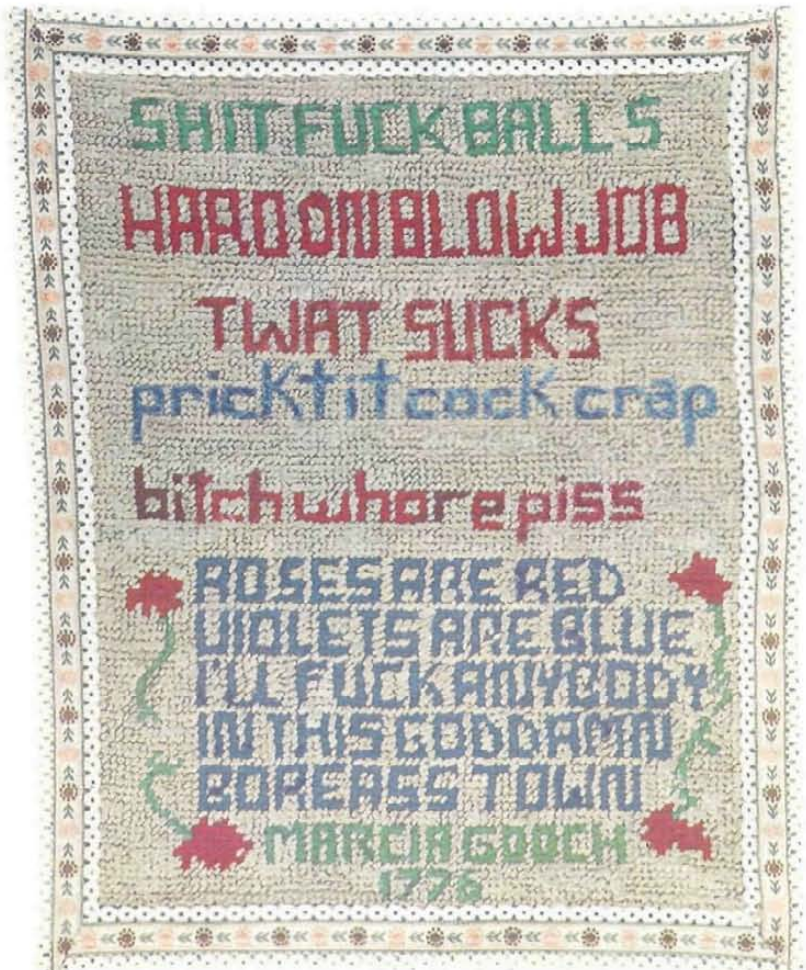


Tavern sign. Attributed to Noah Goodbody of Toast Point, Long Island, 1766. "Ye Cock and Pussy" was actually a chain of taverns that operated as brothels throughout New York and Connecticut. They were owned by the Gallo brothers, Josiah ("Crazy Joey") and Luther, the first Italian settlers in the colonies. The Gallos were enterprising businessmen, far ahead of their time, making enormous profits with offers of free pitchers of ale and "all ye can eat for half a crown." After the war, the reform administration of Governor DeWitt Clinton outlawed brothels and forced the brothers to operate illegally. The sign is one of the few remaining artifacts of this enlightened and pioneering venture.



Shaker milking stool. Circa 1820. The milker impales herself on the upstanding rod (a smooth, simply turned cylinder devoid of ornamentation) and moves up and down in rhythm with her hands, which are squeezing the teats of the cow. As the cow is spent, so is the milker, both in a state of perfect bliss. Another excellent example of the Shaker design philosophy: function follows form.

Dirty Sampler. 1776. Obviously, the dirty sampler was a form of rebellion against the making of the dull, straight-forward kind. It was also an outlet for the sexual frustrations of pubescent schoolgirls, who had to make them in secret, usually after bedtime, away from the eyes of their watchful, pious parents. A hopelessly infatuated girl would give one to her intended boyfriend. If he masturbated into it, it was a sign of his love for her. The more valuable samplers have visible stains. □



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William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of storytellers." To good old



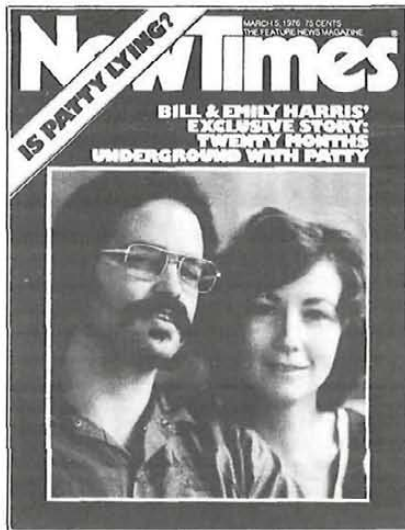
Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

So be it. NEW TIMES makes things happen. We aren't afraid to tell all the truth we can get our hands on. We turn over rocks. We make waves. Troublemakers? You're damn right.

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A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)



The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world that those little aerosol cans could be the death of us all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

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We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana...tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's drowning us all...dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale...dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a



country fair...looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions...ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks...found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders.

And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

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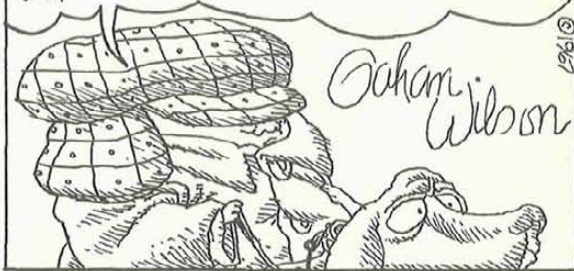
FUNNY PAGES



WALDO

OF COURSE ALL ADULTS WERE TRICKY, AND IT WAS HARD TO FIGURE WHAT THEY WOULD DO OR THINK UP NEXT, BUT THERE WAS A SMALL BUNCH WHO WERE SO STRANGE YOU WONDERED IF THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY BE DANGEROUS TO CHILDREN.

COME ON, WALDO—DO SOMETHING, WILL YOU? DON'T TAKE THE WHOLE DAMN DAY. OH, NO—HERE COMES MISS CRIPP!



HELLO, THERE, TAKING YOUR DOG FOR A WALK? HIS NAME IS BORIS, ISN'T IT? MY BROTHER HAD A DOG NAMED BORIS WHO BIT PEOPLE AND FATHER HAD TO PUT HIM AWAY.



I HOPE YOU WATCH THAT DOG VERY CAREFULLY. I HOPE YOU ARE VERY CAREFUL WHERE YOU LET IT "GO" DO YOU KNOW THERE IS A LAW AGAINST DOGS FOULING PUBLIC WAYS? DO YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING!!



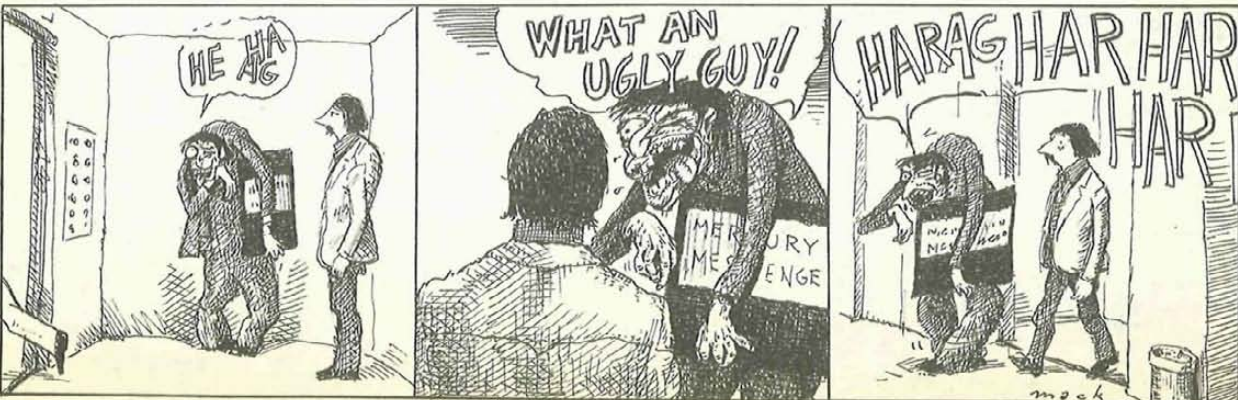
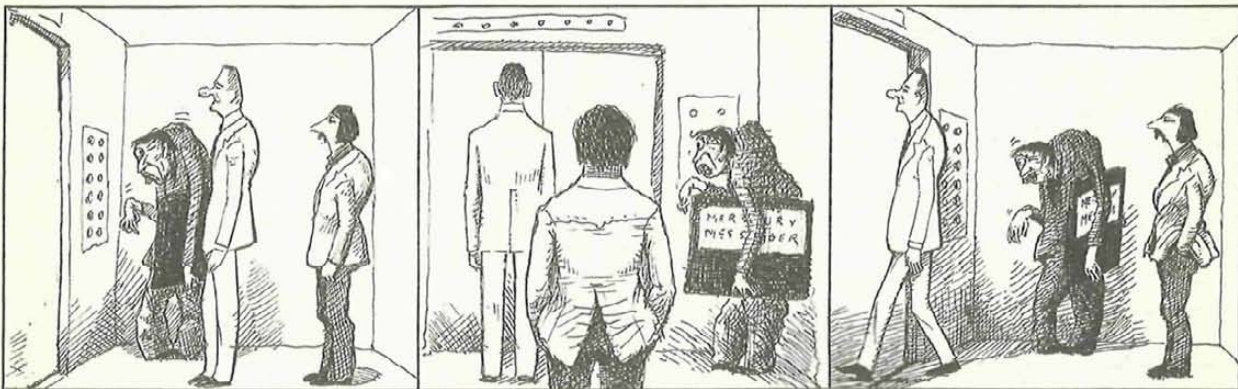
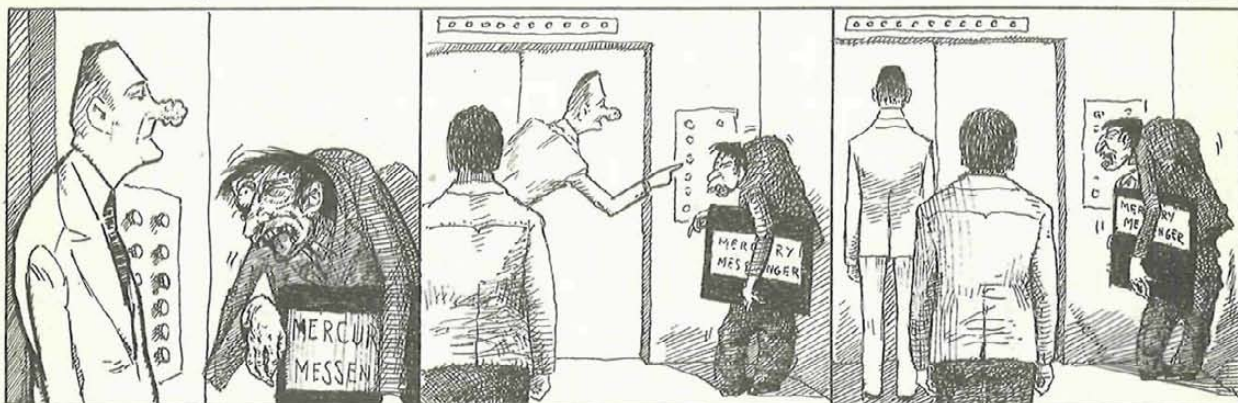
DOG THINGS CAUSE DISEASE, DID YOU KNOW THAT? DOGS ARE ANIMALS, YOU KNOW, BUT PEOPLE FORGET THAT. LITTLE CHILDREN SOMETIME'S EAT DOG DROPPINGS AND BECOME SERIOUSLY ILL!



GOOD-BYE TO YOU AND BORIS. DO SAY HELLO TO YOUR PARENTS. I MAY VISIT THEM, SOMEDAY. DON'T FORGET WHAT I TOLD YOU. I'M ALWAYS WATCHING LITTLE THANK YOU, WALDO!!



MULE'S by stan mack DINER



Obligatory Sex Scenes

continued from page 51

engaged!"

"What of Moby Dick?" wailed Ahab, near apoplexy.

"And then we were on her couch," Bammer continued, not heeding the Captain. "And as I made to ram home the harpoon, she balked and said, 'A moment please, your honor,' and in a trice the damsel had taken me into her mouth!"

"Huzzah! Huzzah!" cheered Stubb, and slapped the dubious Starbuck on the back. "And then you lowered away, my hearty! You lowered away!"

"What of the whale, damn ye!"

"Nay, but hold, lads. I was preparing to lower away, but my pike was still gripped by the girl's jaws, when all on a sudden I clap eyes on her marvelous rump. And idly—idly, I say, to myself it was—I murmur, 'Ah, my dear, but ye are as white as the White Whale himself, as white as Moby Dick, who every sensible seaman does fear.' And suddenly she starts! And gags! And gurgles! And in a jiff had bitten clean clear through my pin and clove it in twain!"

"No!" gasped Stubb, and nearly swooned, holding onto stolid Starbuck's arm for support.

"Aye, lad. And when the shouting and bleeding and the apologies were subsided, did she explain to me that her own tunic was an American whaling captain who some time previous had lost a limb to the maw of the leviathan, and any mention of the whale disturbed her to the point of spasms and fever. Her uncle! Are ye this same man, sir?" This last he addressed to our captain, who merely stared at the man with a blank gaze and nodded slowly.

"Then beheld this bony substitute for as stout an organ as ever traveled a deck," Bammer said, and produced from his trousers an ivory appendage fashioned of whalebone similar to Ahab's leg. "For no longer can I sail for whale oil and the sperm, gents. My vital powers are sapped, and I now deliver cargoes of scented water, and talc, and the like. I am not ashamed of my fate, mind you. But to whosoever does finally kill this white monster, let him know I join in his pursuit. More than one captain has he done injury to, this Moby Dick!"

And with that Bammer hoisted himself down into his boat, and made his way back to the *Delilah*. Ahab, his monomania again kindled and stoked, scowled, and disappeared below decks.

CONSUMER REPORTS

We tested five cameras in this range. A target area was chosen and lighting conditions were standardized to give the best possible view of the interior we had selected.

The *Kodak Trimline* is a popular model at around \$30.00, and has a three setting zone focus system. On the first setting two people were visible as vague shapes within the picture frame, while on the second setting a surprising improvement in resolution was achieved. All testers were high in their praise for the third and highest setting, features of the room and characteristics of the two females being observed.

The *Rollei 400* was judged difficult to adjust (see chart next page), but demonstrated its superior design. On all settings, we could observe such refinements as the patterned fabric of the thin silk dress one of the subjects was peeling from her supple form, impressive for a zone focus mechanism.

The *Minolta Standard* fared poorly. Even with the superb 500-X tripod (C.R. May '74), the best it could do was a somewhat fuzzy image of two pale bodies entwined in languorous embrace.

The *Fujica* we tested was another story, the improved image quality well worth the extra 2.6 lbs. in weight. Though difficult to use with eyeglasses,

continued on page 77

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Pablo Picasso At Mougins—March 16, 1958 to October 5, 1968... During this most fascinating period of his phenomenally diverse career, Picasso formed a kind of diary in which every day (except for some rare interruptions) he inscribed his thoughts in the form of copper engraving. Out of 347 total, we have selected 8 which we found to be the most intimate and tastefully intriguing of the entire collection. These 8 works are now available to you for a limited time, reproduced in embossed detail on fine glassware.

These controversial etchings express a fairly unpublicized aspect of Picasso's psyche, and only he could approach subject matter of this nature resulting in a beautifully bizarre form of intellectual erotic art, rather than dull, cheap perversity. The Picasso Technique...All 8 designs reflect how the constantly alert Picasso was always imagining new processes, without however, despoiling the traditional manner, in which he shows equal mastery. You can see the astounding rapidity of his hand, combined with an equal quickness of the mind, which enabled him to accomplish in a single operation what others would be obliged to spread over several phases.

These etchings are in no way miniatures, but works of unimpaired quality if they were to be enlarged. You and your delighted guests will unanimously agree—they are truly major works, dealing with the sensual side of living as Picasso's genius perceived it: in the quite personal and imaginative way he has of achieving the desired result, and in the technical short cuts he invents, he reveals his exceptional aptitude for outstanding achievement, certainly unique in his own career and in the entire annals of engraving.

Sip In Style...The 8 glasses are stunning on their own. Each one has a heavy sham bottom, on-the-rocks style. They are large, solid 11 oz. clear-as-crystal glasses, and their rich style does true justice to the quality art embossed on them. Each glass bears a reproduction of Picasso's signature on one side, and its own particular etching on the other side (most of them are dated in Picasso's own hand). A magnificent showpiece addition to the most urbane glass collection, or personal bar setting. A true touch of class as a gift or private purchase. The collection of 8 glasses is priced at \$25, comes boxed, and is available for prompt delivery to your home or office.



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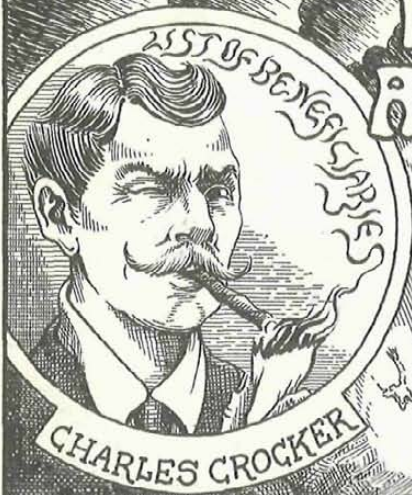
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DEMENTIA AMERICANA



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WHEN A SOLID WALL OF ROCK AND A BROKEN STEAM DRILL HALTED THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD'S PROGRESS THROUGH THE HIGH SIERRAS, CHARLES CROCKER, HEAD OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, DEvised AN INGENUOUS PLAN TO COMPLETELY REMOVE THE OBSTACLE. SEVENTY-TWO DYNAMITE-LADEN COOLIES AGREED TO CHARGE THE ROCK FACE IN RELAYS ON THE CONDITION THAT THEIR REMAINS AND A LARGE SUM OF MONEY BE SENT TO THEIR FAMILIES IN CHINA. WE RIDERS OF THE RAILS OWE A VOTE OF THANKS TO MR. CROCKER'S SUCCESS AND TO OUR ANONYMOUS YELLOW BRETHREN, WHOSE NAMES AND BENEFICIARIES WERE LOST IN AN UNFORTUNATE FIRE.

© 1945 by J. Osborne

Obligatory Sex Scenes

continued from page 76

the patented viewfinder showed a generous and clear spectacle of Sapphic love. Indeed, the scene seemed a lot nearer than the figure shown on the useful built-in distance indicator (also standard on *Fujica* models). Even with a poor lens fine points were visible; wisps of blonde hair cascading over creamy thighs, nails digging into flesh, details so vivid that one had the feeling of being in the target room.

The *Minox 280* boasts a variable range finder that enables rapid focusing. This makes position changes possible, and we found it a pleasure to be able to change from firm breast to quivering buttock without losing time in resetting. With this addition we could visually explore the environment so freely we felt we could almost hear the pleasure cries of the two women, almost taste the ripe love juices that now flowed freely in the heat of the mounting passion.

As we began shooting in earnest we found the thumb-slide film advance a nuisance, requiring a complex series of actions to cock the camera after every shot. Both the *Kodak* and the *Minox* had viewfinders which tended to fog at the worst times. As events surged to a fiery climax, all shooting ceased as we busied ourselves wiping and recocking.

By the time we refocused, we found ourselves disappointingly gazing at two supine forms lying in quiet repose, skin flush and sensual smiles ironically clear images of opportunities missed.

The Pickwick Papers

by CHARLES DICKENS
CHAPTER 28

A good-humored Christmas chapter, containing an account of a wedding, and some other sports beside, which, although in their way even as good customs as marriage itself, are not quite so "rigidly kept up" in these censorious times.

...if anything could have added to the interest of this agreeable scene, it would have been the remarkable fact of Mr. Pickwick's appearing without his gaiters, or anything else in the habilimental way, for the first time in the memory of his oldest friends.

"Do you mean to frolic?" said Wardle.
"Of course I do," replied Mr. Pickwick.
"Don't you see I am ready for the purpose?" Mr. Pickwick called attention to his manly part, which was indeed at the ready, and while not of the largest construction, had a healthy glow about it which showed it to be still a formidable engine of merriment.

The family was by this time assembled, according to an annual custom on Christmas Eve, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial. From the center of the

continued on page 81

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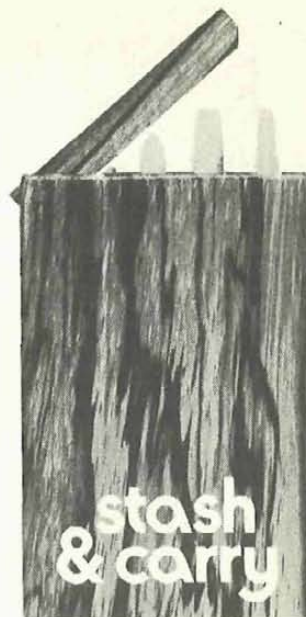
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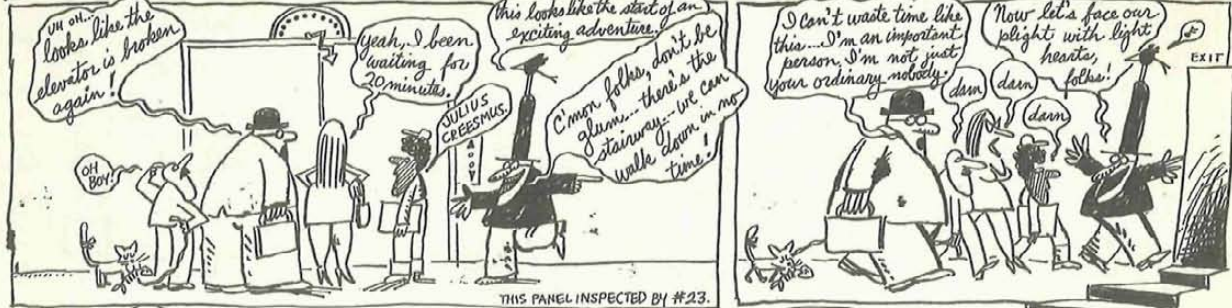
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CHIC-EN-GUTZ

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MR. OWEN O. PINOCKLE OF PERFECT, NO. CAROLINA, WHILE
EN ROUTE BY RAIL TO VISIT HIS AILING GRANDMOTHER MRS. ESTWHILE
GILLIAM FURBIRD IN TRULY, W. VIRGINIA, FLUSHED THE TRAIN TOILET WHILE THE TRAIN
WAS STANDING AT A STATION. UNBELIEVABLE YOU SAY? YES— BUT NEVERTHELESS—TRUE!

It ain't the cutest hat
in the world, but
I wouldn't trade
it for a barrel
of pickled pigs'
feet.



THIS PANEL INSPECTED BY #23.



SOCIETY PAGE :
MR. + MRS. JESUS FLOPPI OF 2114 SHINGLE AVENUE (3rd FLOOR) THIS CITY, HAVE ANNOUNCED THE ENGAGEMENT OF THEIR DAUGHTER EMILINA DOLORES FLOPPI (WHO HAS A MOUSTACHE) TO ANTHONY "TONE" RESENTA. A FEBRUARY WEDDING IS PLANNED. THE FUTURE BRIDE IS A SERVETTE AT WHOPPERBURGER AND PLANS TO CONTINUE IN HER PRESENT PROFESSION AFTER HER MARRIAGE. AFTER THE NUPTIALS, MR. RESENTA WILL RESUME AT THE REEL FINE TUNA FISH FACTORY WHERE HE "SWEEPS UP."



THIS STRIP IS FOR JEFF SIMON WHO SLEEPS WITH PELICANS IN SALT MARSHES.

PHINITO.

WITH FOUR DAYS TO THE FATEFUL DECISION, JILL DAVES A CRUCIAL VISIT TO HER NEWLY RETURNED HOMME DE COEUR!



WHAT DID HE SAY?

I SHOULD DO WHAT'S GOOD FOR ME!

AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?



I DON'T KNOW, DAVID! IT'S BEEN TWO YEARS FOR YOU! IT SEEMS EVEN LONGER TO ME! THEN THERE'S ALL THE TIME STEVEN AND I--

WHAT WE HAD IS ENDURING, JILL. ACROSS THE VAST ABYSS OF TIME, WE WILL ALWAYS BE LOVERS--



OUR HEARTS-- OUR MINDS-- WE ARE ENTWINED FOREVER-- THE SEED I PLANTED IN YOU WAS MY INNERMOST PERSONAL LOVE--

OH DAVID, DAVID--



TALK NORMAL.



I LOVE JILL I LOVE HER MIND, HER BODY, HER FLAWS--

I WANT HER CHILDREN, I WANT TO SHARE HER DYING DAYS, I WANT HER MORE THAN A DATSUN 247 Z, MORE THAN A FENDER GUITAR-- MORE THAN--

I LOVE JILL MORE THAN I LOVE MAKING LOVE TO HER.



WAIT FOR ME.

UNTIL SUNDAY.

©1976 B.P.V.P.

WHICH OF COURSE BRINGS US ALL BACK TO ...



MOTHER, WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? TWO MEN LOVE ME!

SIMULTANEOUSLY?

NO IN SIZE ORDER! MOTHER, PLEASE DON'T MAKE JOKES! THIS IS MY LIFE!



DEAR, DEAR ... SUCH TROUBLES MY LITTLE JILL HAS ... AND AFTER ALL THE HELP YOU'VE BEEN TO ME ...

HAVE YOU ASKED YOURSELF WHICH MAN YOU REALLY LOVE?

A HUNDRED TIMES.

AND THE ANSWER?

BOTH.

BUT WHICH MAN WOULD YOU LOVE FIFTY YEARS FROM TODAY?



I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT IT, I DON'T KNOW.

FIND SOME PEACE ON THE MATTER, DARLING. IN FARMERS TO STEVEN, AND YOURSELF.



I LOVE THEM BOTH-- WHICH ONE DO I NEED-- WHICH ONE WILL I NEED? WHICH NEEDS ME?

I KNOW MY FLAWS-- I KNOW WHAT VITALIZES ME ...

WITH WHOM CAN I BE AT ONE?



PLOP!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.



HOURS PASS LIKE HOURS UNTIL ...

STEVEN, HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE ME?

MORE THAN I LOVE MYSELF.

DO YOU REALLY?

YOU HAVE TO ASK?



NO, I GUESS I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY SOMETHING ELSE!

HONESTLY, STEVEN, I DON'T KNOW WHY I EVEN THINK OF DAVID-- IT'S YOU I'VE BEEN WITH ALL THIS TIME.



YOU SEE THERE'S THIS LITTLE AREA OF MY HEAD THAT SAYS, "STAY HERE WITH YOU". STAY WHERE I KNOW I CAN BE SAFE ...

-- BUT THERE'S ANOTHER PART THAT SAYS, "GO IF YOU STAY HERE YOU'LL WITHER AND FADE-- YOU'LL NEVER GROW INTO ANYTHING MORE!"



IT'S ALMOST AS IF WHAT I DO HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR DAVID-- IT'S LIKE YOU ARE POLES-- AND I'M BEING PULLED BY SOMETHING INSIDE MYSELF TOWARDS ONE MORE THAN THE OTHER ...

STEVEN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO RUN TOWARDS SOMETHING FOR A LONG, LONG TIME-- THEN HAVE IT CHANGE JUST WHEN YOU CAN SEE IT FOR THE FIRST TIME?



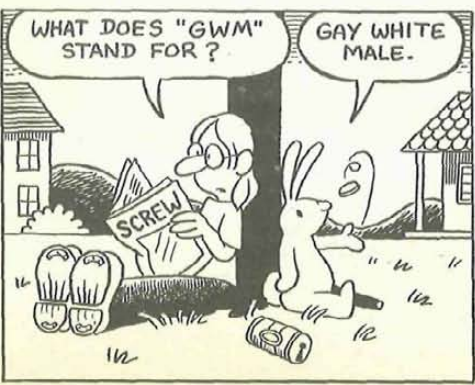
PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT ME. IT'S JUST THAT WHEN I'M READY I WANT TO BE ABLE TO HAVE AS MUCH AS I CAN TO GIVE.

CAN YOU WAIT FOR ME SUNDAY MORNING AT OUR SPOT ON THE SHORE? I'LL COME BY ELEVEN OR LEAVE YOU FREE OF ME FOREVER.



H--HOW WILL I KNOW YOU?

NEXT: THE DECISION



WHAT DOES "GWM" STAND FOR?

GAY WHITE MALE.



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L.S./M.F.T?

YOU'VE WANDERED INTO THE CIGARETTE ADS.

CHRISTOPHER BROWNE

Looking for Ms. Goodbod

continued from page 67

which showed a different sexual position for each sign. He installed black lights in every room. He bought and burned incense. He went to a hypnotist and told him he wanted to be as suave as David Niven, but after four sessions all he had to show for it was a thin pencil moustache and a bad English accent with a lisp. He bought honey dust, subscribed to the Condom-of-the-Month Club, spent all his money on the latest clothes, and used cologne by the gallon. He would tell himself that there was no reason to be nervous about sex, that women were just other people, that fucking was a normal thing that everybody enjoyed.

But it didn't really work. He still had difficulties. Ronald was very self-conscious about his lisp, and so, when not imitating Sean Connery or David Niven, whenever possible he spoke in Castilian Spanish. (He claimed he was practicing for his Romance Languages orals.) During his four years of college, he had only one sexual experience: coming in his pants while playing the oboe for a Spanish girl who danced nude in a campus coffeehouse

every Thursday night.

After that performance, he never saw her again.

* * *

Ronald graduated and moved to Manhattan. He taught oboe at a small music school. He met few people: his students (mostly either teenagers or elderly retirees), and his colleagues at the school, mostly married or homosexual. The one day he read in *New York* magazine an article about singles bars. He was dumbfounded. Here were places people went *specifically to make sexual connections!* It was just the kind of a place a guy like him could meet the kind of gal he liked to think was for him! Amazing! Before going to his first singles bar, he rehearsed and practiced everything he had learned hitherto: pick-up lines, what to wear, how to arrange his apartment, what tape or record to play, making sure there was ice in the ice bucket, making sure he had seven different kinds of coffee beans available to impress whoever he brought home. By the time he finished these preparations, it was almost midnight.

He decided to go to a bar he'd read about called Single Swingers, where the only music they played on the

continued on page 86

Obligatory Sex Scenes

continued from page 77

ceiling, old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion; in the midst of which, Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry that would have done honor to the oldest of noble European families, took the elderly Lady Tollinglower by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch, gently spread her nether lips and, liberally embellishing this venerable aperture with fresh butter from the dairy, mounted her in all courtesy and decorum. The old lady submitted to this politeness with the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity, but the younger ladies, not being so thoroughly imbued with a superstitious respect for the custom—or imagining that the value of a pleasant tumble is very much enhanced if it cost a little trouble to obtain it—screamed and struggled, and ran into corners, and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of desisting, when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer and submitted to be mounted with a good grace. Mr. Winkle mounted the young lady with the black eyes, and Mr. Snodgrass mounted Emily, and Mr. Weller, not being particular about the form of being under the mistletoe, mounted Emma and the other female servants just as he caught them. As to the poor relations, they were mounted by everybody. And the plainer portions of the young lady visitors, in their excessive confusion, ran right under the mistletoe, as soon as it was hung up, without even knowing it!

Now, the screaming had subsided, and faces were in a glow, and bodies in a tangle, and Mr. Pickwick, after mounting the old lady, as before mentioned, was standing under the mistletoe, looking with a very pleased countenance on all that was passing around him, when before he distinctly knew what the matter was, he was surrounded by the whole body and squeezed, pinched, fondled, sucked upon, or penetrated by every one of them.

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way, and then that, first taking one person's part within his mouth, then another's in his hand, and then someone else's up the backside, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking around him, "this is, indeed, sport!"

"Vell!" said Sam Weller, "there'll be a deal o' hole-fillin' yet afore this here passes, as the Verger says to the Sexton at the first outbreak o' plague."

OUR TOWN

by Thornton Wilder

STAGE MANAGER: "Mr. Webb is publisher and editor of the Grover's Corners *Sentinel*. That's our local paper, y'know?"

MR. WEBB enters from his house, pulling on his coat.

continued

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Obligatory Sex Scenes

continued

STAGE MANAGER: "Have you any comments, Mr. Webb?"

MR. WEBB: "Very ordinary town, if you ask me. But our young people seem to like it well enough. Ninety percent of 'em graduating from high school settle down right here to live—even when they've been away to college."

STAGE MANAGER: "Now, is there anyone in the audience who would like to ask Editor Webb anything about the town?"

MAN AT THE BACK OF AUDITORIUM: "Whaddaya do for a piece of ass in Grover's Corners?"

MR. WEBB: "Well...there's Mrs. Gawalski, she runs a house over in Polack town. 'Course, that'll cost you two dollars. Then there's Abe Bingham down at the stable—he'll suck your pecker. Abe's not quite right in the head, though. To tell the truth, I guess most folks just hump the old lady or yank on it."

Being and Time

by MARTIN HEIDEGGER

V. BEING-IN AS SUCH

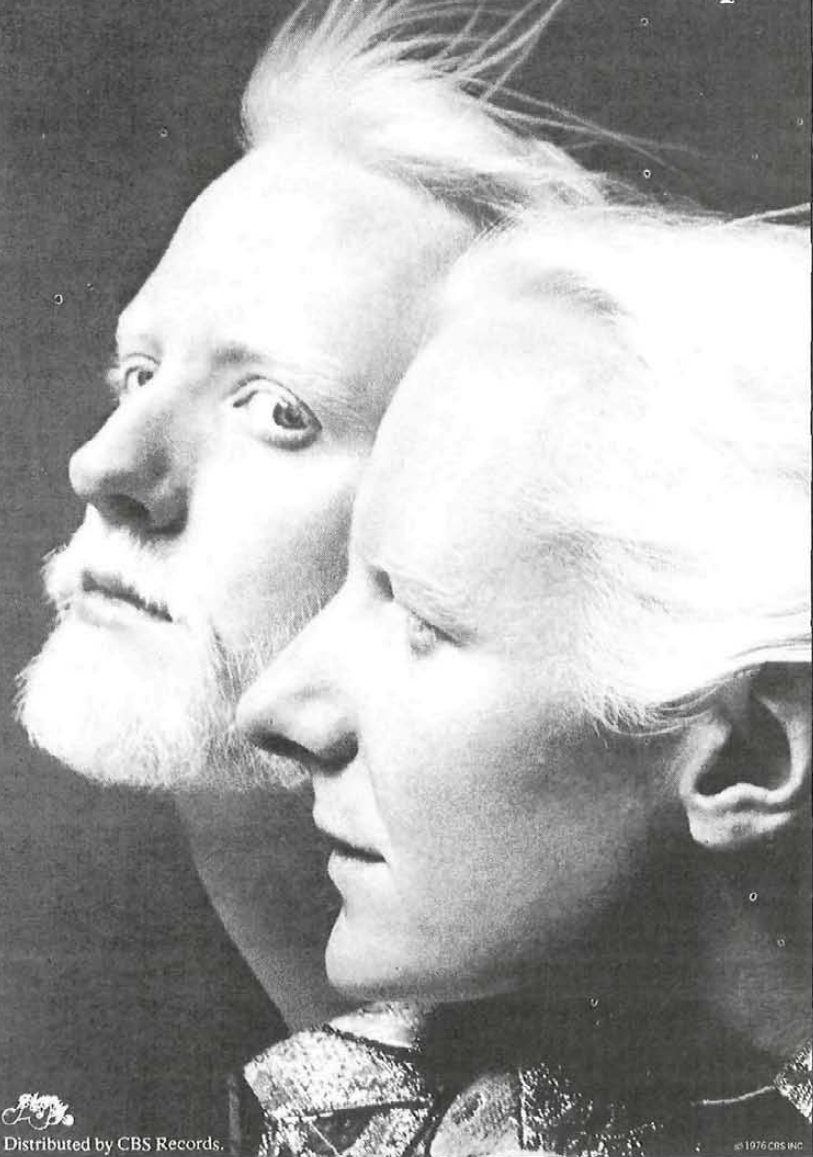
26. Throbbing-Memberhood and Its Potentiality-for-Exploding-in-White-Hot-Orgasmicity

At first glance the Being-in (*In-sein*) of Throbbing-member appears to us as a latency. Throbbing-member stands before us as a phenomenon of Inness, i.e., Throbbing-memberhood-in-its-Selfhood-as-merely-ontic Being. The Being-in of Throbbing-member attains facticity as an ontological verity when, with eager hands and low urgent moans, she guides Throbbing-member into her hot, pulsing womanhoodness. Then, too, does Throbbing-member discover the Being-present-at-hand-along-with (*Mitvorhandsein*) of breasts, mouth, clitoris, etc.

Thus, Throbbing-member enters "into" the spatio-temporal nexus of her love-drenched pussyhood and is present (*zugegen*) to its potentiality-for-attaining-orgasmhood. This is what I call Throbbing-member's *Being-toward-orgasmicity*. Her verbal characterization, "Oh my God, you're in me!" has ontological content only insofar as by "in" we understand "the entity inside" (*Das inwendig Seiende*) in its ontological selfhood as Throbbing-member, exclusive of the theirness of other "throbbing-members" merely ready-to-hand, i.e., mere equipment.

"Oh God, I can't stand it, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming..." is, therefore, not only a phenomenological statement, but has existential-ontological meaning as well. □

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| 18 Syracuse, N.Y. | 15 Seattle, Wash. |
| 30 Nashville, Tenn. | 18 St. Paul, Minn. |
| 31 Tampa, Fla. w/Jethro Tull | 26 & 27 Detroit, Mich. Cobo Hall |
| Aug. | 28 Chicago, Ill. Outdoors w/ZZ Top & Robin Trower |
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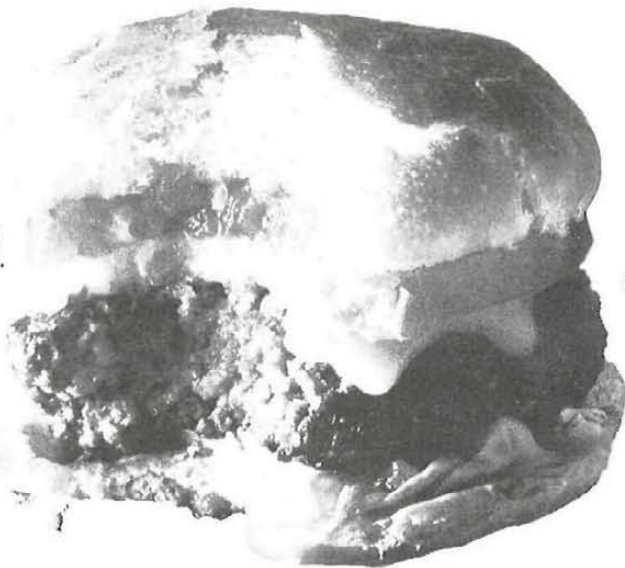
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Looking for Ms. Goodbod

continued from page 81

jukebox was by the Swingle Singers. When he got there, the room was crowded. Ronald wedged himself into a space at the bar and ordered a Johnny Walker Red on the rocks. He rarely drank, and hated scotch, but he knew this was a "man's" drink, and anyway you didn't go to these places to drink. You went to score.

Sitting to his left was a tall woman with red hair whom he heard addressed as Terry. He saw her glance at him, and he realized that this was it. Gulping some of the scotch, he sidled over to her and tried to smile. Then remembering that Sean Connery always looked wry and amused, Ronald affected a look of what he hoped was witty detachment and said, "Pardon me, but do you know where there's a post office near here?"

(He knew this was a sure-fire line because it would play on the woman's helpful, maternal, protective instincts. Should it fail, he had several more. He had memorized odd statistics and facts from a book of world's sexual records, and was prepared to follow up with, "Gee, you know, in old Judaic law, masturbation was punishable by death....")

The woman looked up and said, "The nearest post office is two hundred miles away. If you leave now, you'll just make it before it closes." And she went back to her drink, chatting with a man to her left. Ronald drank the rest of his scotch and went home.

He never saw her again.

* * *

His cousin asked him to dinner one evening, and it was there he was introduced to Jean Morrow. She was a lawyer. She wasn't bad looking, but there was something...*lame* about her. Her brown frizzy hair was always arranged in some nondescript sort of wave, her clothes seemed to blend into the surroundings, and her conversation was always a bit too polite and controlled. She wasn't what Ronald considered *womanly*. That evening they discussed their jobs, living in New York, Ronald's brother David, and other things Ronald couldn't remember the next day. He was grateful that his cousin wanted to help him meet women — although Ronald liked to think of himself as the kind of a guy who didn't need help in that department — but in this case, the whole thing was sort of a bore. How-

ever, to please his cousin, he agreed to go on a date with Jean that Saturday night.

They went to a movie, and afterwards he walked her back to her apartment. She asked him if he wanted a cup of coffee, and he said yes; he sat in her living room while she prepared it. Soon they were sitting opposite one another in the silence. Then she said, "You know, sexuality is an agreeable pursuit."

"Yeth," he said, surprised.

"I quite enjoy it, myself," she said.

"Do you?"

"Um...uh...yeth..."

"Would you care to have sex with me?"

"Uh...um...I, uh..." he answered.

Here was his chance...but for some reason he wanted to flee! Why? "I, uh, sort of have to go, I'm expecting a phone call, and, um..."

"Some other time, then." She smiled. Plain, but sweet, really.

"Yeth. Another time. Thanks."

Ronald left in a daze, not exactly sure why he'd refused. Perhaps because she just wasn't *attractive* to him...yes, that was it. Oh, she was intelligent, even interesting, but how could he have sex with the kind of woman who didn't attract him? It seemed wrong, somehow.

Then he knew: she just wasn't the kind of a girl he saw himself *with*. She didn't *look* right. She was plain, unexceptional, ordinary...and he saw himself squiring around town ravishing beauties with oceans of stunning hair and sleek legs. Not Jean. She was...*nice*.

He did keep in touch with her, though. The two spoke on the telephone for hours, she about her cases, he about his oboe students. Sometimes he felt a surge of warmth and affection for her — but then his eye would catch a glimpse of his shiny Dansk modern furniture, or he'd feel the Scorpio medallion around his neck, or he'd spot that full-color Dali print on the wall, and he'd remember the kind of a guy he was. No, Jean was a friend. Period.

One evening they were having dinner together when, out of nowhere, she said, "I find you extremely attractive, Ronald."

He stared. No one had ever said that to him before. "You...do?"

"Yes, I do. I find you an interesting and attractive man. I know you are not very attracted to me physically, but that does not perturb me or cause me

worry in any real sense. I am content to enjoy your company in whatever form I may. Perhaps at some point in time in the future, we will be mutually inclined to consummate our relationship in a more physically satisfying manner."

Ronald felt himself starting to panic. What was she saying? Women didn't talk like this. Not about sex. Women said flirtatious things like, "I read somewhere that the Muslim Sudanese have the biggest cocks in the world." Didn't they? No. Men said things like that. Right. Women said things that encouraged you to go on, like, "Oh, wow." But this! This was embarrassing. What should he say to her?

"Wait a minute. Don't tell me," he heard himself say. "You're a Sagittarius."

Where had that come from? What was he doing?

"You have the cutest ears I've ever seen."

He couldn't stop himself, it was the only thing that came easily to him.

"Who's your dentist? Is my tie on fire? You look sad."

She was staring at him, frowning.

"Is it starboard right, port left? Or the other way around?"

"Ronald, is something wrong? Are you feeling ill?"

"Where'd you get that hat? Didn't I meet you in Istanbul?" He felt himself losing control. "Hey, the Dow dropped three point five yesterday!"

"Ronald, what are you talking about?" Jean clapped her hands in front of his face, snapping him out of his daze. Startled, he looked around wildly. What had he done? Oh God—

"No hablo Ingleth, Theñorita," he mumbled, and ran out of the restaurant.

He never went to that restaurant again.

* * *

Outside on the street, Ronald walked hurriedly uptown, trying to collect himself. He needed a drink. Three blocks away was Ms. Goodbod's, a singles club. But what if he saw someone in there he...*wanted*? No, not tonight. Just a quick one and then home.

The place was beginning to get crowded. Ronald ordered a sloe gin fizz and sipped it tensely, his eyes scanning the room without any real purpose. Then he saw her: dark hair, nice body, pretty and dark-featured, possibly Italian. She looked like the

kind of gal a guy like him could really go for.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," she said.

"My name's Ronald."

"Toni."

"In the *Arabian Nights*, King Samandal was said to have testicles that hung to his knees."

"Huh?"

What was he doing? Why had he said that? Who was he? What was reality? "Um...uh...Toni?"

"Yeah, With a i."

"Uh...can I buy you a drink?"

"I'm already drinkin'."

"Oh. Yeah." Ronald gulped his own drink, his mind racing. What should he say next?

"Hey, you wanna shag?" she asked, and chewed on a piece of ice.

"What?"

"Dance, silly. You wanna dance?"

"Oh. Sure."

They danced for two hours. Here, Ronald thought, was a woman he could want. Everything about her—her makeup, her studded denim suit, her attitude of aggressive indifference—everything was right. He wanted to be seen with her, take her to restaurants and concerts and movies, anywhere. As they danced, Ronald tried to talk with her once or twice, but she was too preoccupied with the music. It didn't matter. He was making it. At last. When he walked her home, he agonized over whether or not he should ask to come in. Then she said, "Hey, I had a nice time with youse," kissed him quickly on the cheek, said, "Call me if youse want," and went inside. Ronald felt frustrated, but at the same time rather pleased. He whistled an oboe cadenza as he walked home.

* * *

Ronald saw Toni a few days later, and again after that. They began to spend a lot of time together, at dinner, going to movies or plays, or sometimes just watching TV and necking on her couch. He knew he was supposed to want to sleep with her, but he found it difficult to bring up the subject. He would try to introduce it into their conversation with things like, "Hey,

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Looking for Ms. Goodbod

continued

Immanuel Kant died a virgin at the age of eighty," and, "Did you hear about the sexual hero in China who was supposed to be able to smash a copper pot with one blow of his penis?" But she would always manage to dodge the subject. One night she told him she was "saving herself for her husband," and he was surprised. He hadn't seen himself as the kind of guy who went with anyone who was still the kind of gal who did a kind of a thing like that.

Still, he was happy, and the more time he spent with Toni the less he saw Jean. One night, just before falling asleep, he realized that he was caught between two completely opposite women: one was a bit self-centered, and not very bright, but she looked good, handled herself well, and made him feel like the kind of a guy who regularly went out with her kind of gal. The other was kinder, intelligent, and interesting, but less attractive, sort of ordinary—even if she was eager to jump into bed, unlike the first woman. If only some of these qualities could be reversed, he thought ruefully. Then he dropped off to sleep and dreamed of Jean's personality in Toni's body, and the two women combined into one intelligent, pretty, warm, sexy lawyer whom he married and with whom he had three children, none of them named David, all of whom had perfect teeth.

* * *

Ronald was walking with Toni to a restaurant one evening when it hit him: he wanted sex. He wanted to fuck somebody. The desire came from somewhere inside him that he'd forgotten. It suddenly didn't matter if Toni looked like this type or that type, whether she made one sort of impression or another, whether or not the two of them made a groovy couple. He was overcome with desire. It was all he could do to keep his mind on dinner, and when, lost in staring at her, he heard her say, "You're sure lookin' at me funny. What's the matter?" all he could answer was, "I want you."

"Now, Ronnie," she said, "don't start that again. We been through that a million times."

"No. I mean it. We've spent a lot of time together and I can't stand it any longer. I'm dying to fuck you."

"Hey! Whoa, boy! I told you no, not until we're engaged."

"Engaged! This is nineteen sixty-nine! You're supposed to fuck a guy before you get engaged to him!" He was desperate now, and heard himself saying things he'd never said before. Things he had always kept to himself.

"Hey, you can't yell at me!" she said. "If you loved me, you wouldn't mind waiting a while—"

"I've already waited a while! I can't stand it!"

She suddenly turned cool, and dismissed him with, "Well if you can't wait for me, there's others who can. So just fuck off."

He stood up and cried, "I'll fuck off! You want to see me fuck off, I will!" And he strode out of the restaurant, fuming. This lust! This craving for sex...he had forgotten all about it! He had been so busy memorizing pick-up lines and decorating his apartment he had lost touch with what it was all supposed to be for. And now he had blown it with Toni. She'd find somebody else, give somebody else that body, those breasts, those legs...and all he'd have left would be Jean....

Jean. Yes, he would. He ran to a corner telephone and called her number. His heart nearly stopped when he heard her say hello. Could he come over tonight? Yes, she said. He hung up and ran thirty blocks uptown to her apartment.

She greeted him in a bathrobe and curlers. "I was reading Justice Holmes," she said calmly. "You told me you were busy tonight."

He ripped off his jacket and said, "Jean. Let's fuck. Now."

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You mean you wish to have sex with me at this point in time?"

"Right. Fuck. Now."

"May I remove my curlers?"

She took off her curlers and led him into the bedroom. Then she untied her robe and let it fall: her body was not as pleasing as Toni's, it was skinny and too white. Her breasts were small, her shoulders bony. He didn't care. She lay on the bed, murmuring, "Thank goodness I was home at the point in time when you telephoned me. What an unfortunate circumstance it would have been if I had been elsewhere or otherwise occupied...."

Ronald tore off his clothes, suddenly aware of a dim, nagging premonition in the back of his mind. He wanted to fling himself into fucking

her until he lost all trace of himself, he wanted to plunge into her and never come back. But something was wrong. He kissed her, he caressed and fondled her, he sucked on her breasts, he moved his hands over her. But he wouldn't get hard. At one point she reached a hand to his penis and he felt her start in surprise: he was still limp. Why? True, he wasn't terribly attracted to her, she wasn't really his kind of gal. But she was nice, she was mature and responsible, they had shared many pleasant hours of conversation about music and politics. He wanted to make love to her, hell, he just wanted to fuck her, but something will just interrupt it—

Why had he thought that? Where did that come from? Interrupt—and suddenly he saw, in his mind, a quick glare of a flashlight, saw himself staring wildly up from a magazine...

"It's no good," he said, miserable. Quickly he got off her and got dressed, neither of them speaking. "I'll call you..." he mumbled, and left before she could protest.

It was eleven o'clock. He wandered downtown, wondering where to go, what to do. Maybe a singles bar? Now? Well...maybe he'd had trouble because he knew Jean so well. Maybe that was why he couldn't get it up with her. Yes, that could be it. Now, sex with a stranger...sure. But which club? Swinging Singles? The Meet Rack? Maxwell's Pudendum? The Cock and Quim? Poon-Tang Paradise? The House of Cooze-Cooze? Balled and Chained? Dork Victory? Then he saw the lights of Ms. Goodbod's a couple of blocks ahead.

She was seated at the bar drinking something milky, a pretty blonde with long legs. Ronald felt as though he were in a dream. He walked over to her, attempted a smile, and heard himself say, "I bet you're a Capricorn. I'm a Scorpio, and all Scorpios are ruled by their genitals." Not bad! Hey, maybe he was hitting stride....

But she sneered and said, "Um, I'm busy now, thanks."

"Are you a model? You look like one."

"Please. I said I was busy."

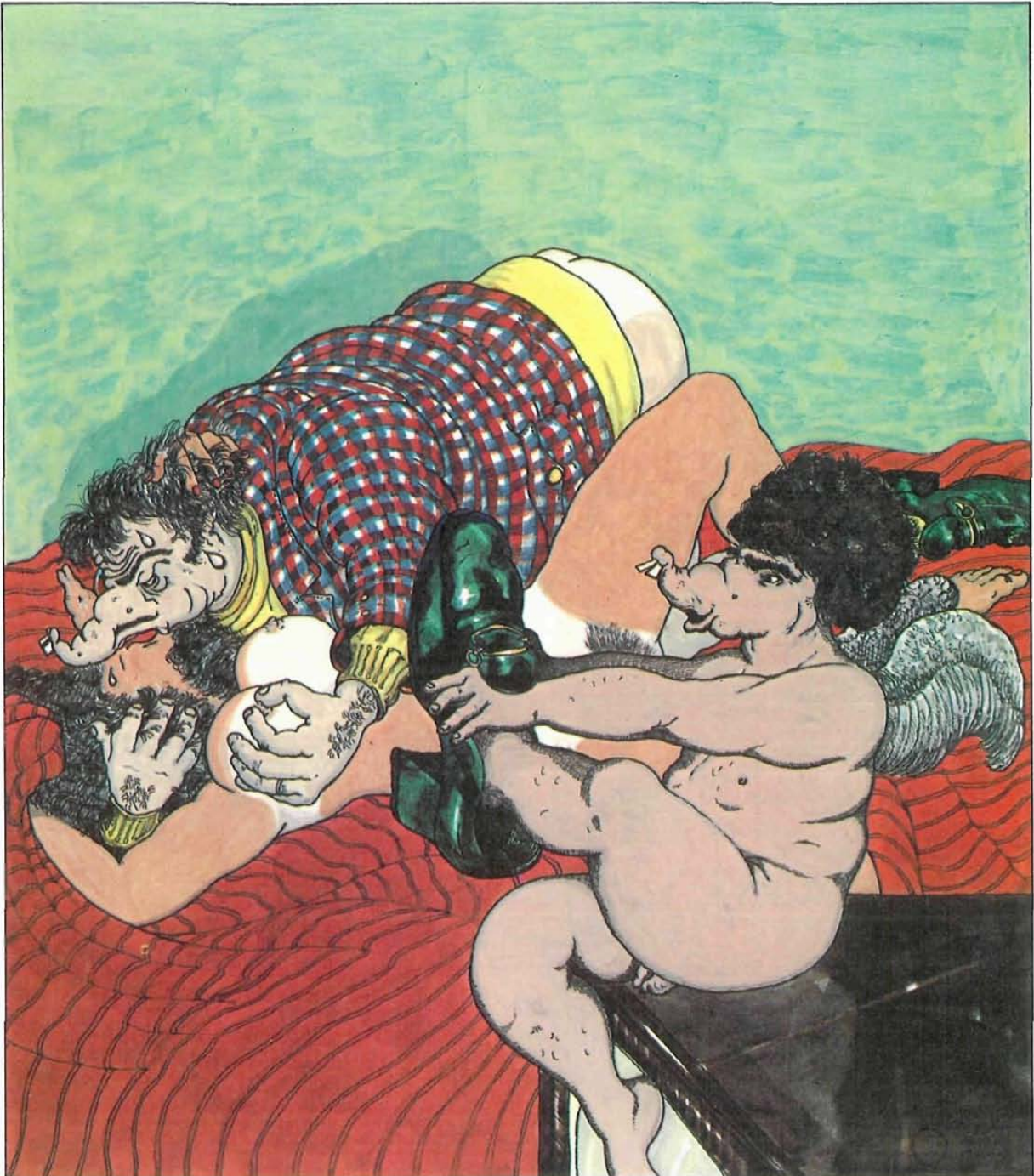
"Uh...um...can I...uh...are you French? That's it, you look like a French model born in Capricorn, and in the *Arabian Nights*, Immanuel Kant smashed a copper pot with his penis..."

"Excuse me, but I said I was busy. Now I'd appreciate it if you would

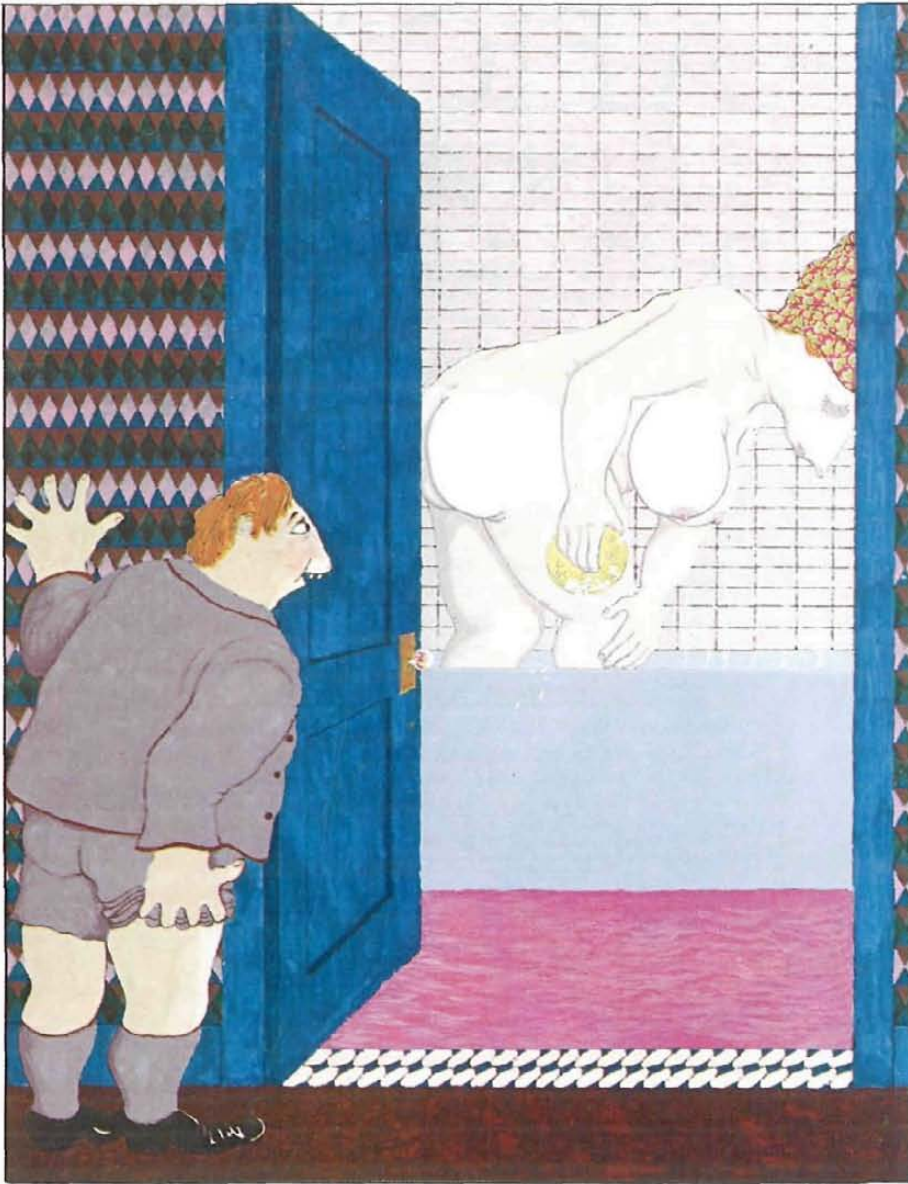
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ERATICA

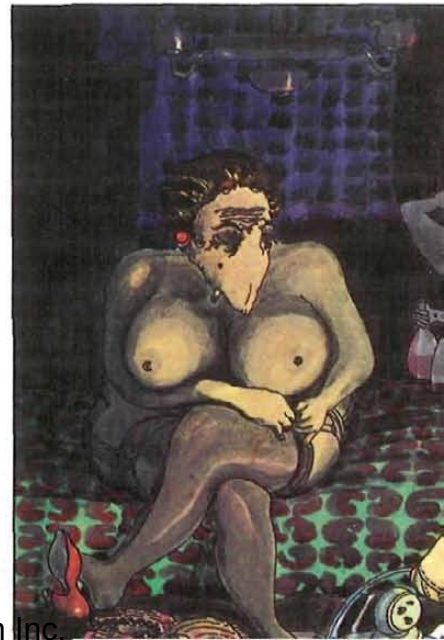
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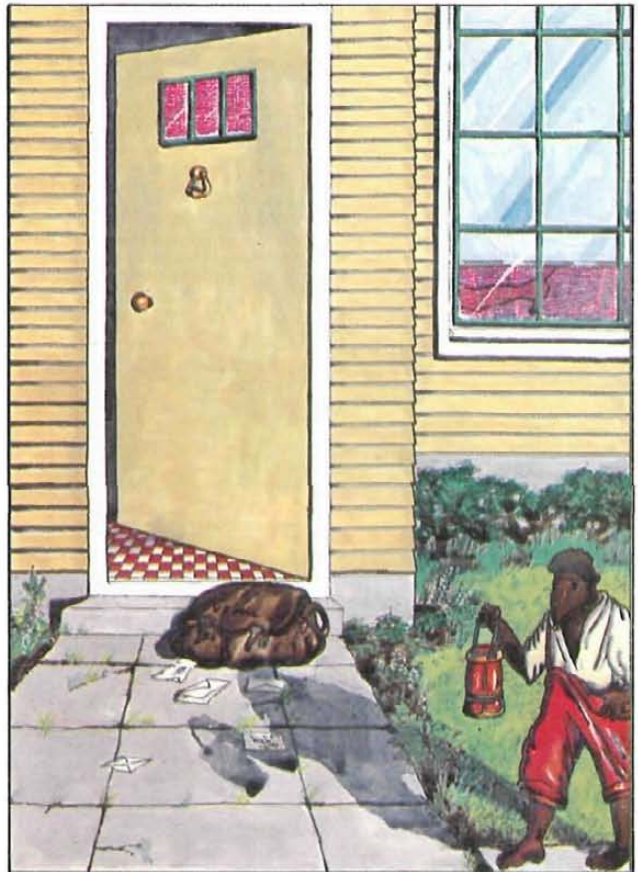
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Collector's Items



DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life — Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Builgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Comvie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, *Third Base*, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillane, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon as Big as the Taft.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/7TH MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With *True Politics* magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlar Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, *Playdead* magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With *The National Inspirer*, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Famby, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and *Ivory* magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the Seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, *Gun Lust Magazine*, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With *Popular Workbench*, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With *Psychology Today* parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, Whitelove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE, WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy—Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kliban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeney's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Review, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeat*.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Kancer Kare Kosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amish in Space, RMS 'Tyrannic' Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Builgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizeable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and Bartfart Comics.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down

and Getting Off with Brando, *Historia de Amor*, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone with the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and *The New Yorker* Parody.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedies, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worstest Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygam, and Cloo.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *FagHag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hoortay, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With The Rockefeller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, and the *Esquire* Parody.

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deaf, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and THE INFAMOUS CUBAN HOMO FARM.

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand and the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirkung*, and Hire the Handicapped.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, Entrepreneurs, and a *Fortune* parody.

JANUARY, 1976/SECRET ISSUE: With Jackie's Date with Destiny, *The New York Review of Books* parody, IRA Comics, Couched in Secrecy, and The Conspiring Photographer.

FEBRUARY, 1976/ARTISTS AND MODELS: With *Simply Picasso*, Art Dreco, Clowning Around with Tits, the *ARTnews* parody, and the Lincoln, Nebraska, Center for the Performing Arts.

MARCH, 1976/IN LIKE A LION: Out with Blow Me, the Snuff Movie, Turtle Farms, and the Monty Python parody.

APRIL, 1976/SPORTS: With Dogfishing, *Silver Jock*, The Glory of Their Hindsight, the U.S. Olympic Handbook, and the Puck Stops Here.

MAY, 1976/FOREIGNERS: With *The Times of India*, Foreigners around the World, EEC, Whatever Happened to Vietsitsname, and the Culture Values section.

JUNE, 1976/75th ANNIVERSARY: With Kefauver High School Reunion, The Story of Douglas Aircraft, Chris Miller's At the Movies, *Canadian Weekly*, and another Bernie Xpose.

JULY, 1976/DOWN HOME: With E-Z Rider, Cathouse on Wheels, southern literature, *Christian Crusader Weekly*, a map of the New South, and *Pickers 'n' Kickers* magazine.

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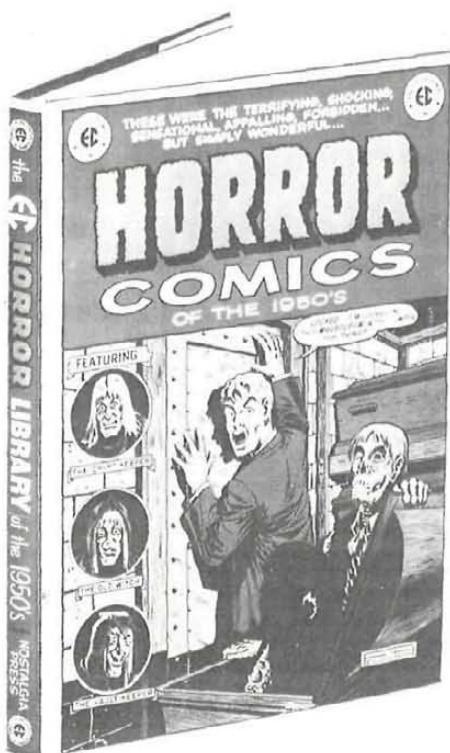
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Looking for Ms. Goodbod

continued from page 88

just sort of fuck off—”

Suddenly Ronald exploded. “Yeah, well, fuck you too, cunt!” he cried, and was about to leave when he saw her purse lying on the stool beside her. Without thinking, he seized the bag and ran out the door, and didn’t stop running until he reached his apartment building. Panting, he lurched inside and left the street door open. He ran upstairs to his apartment and slammed the door behind him.

What had he done! What could he do now? Ronald slumped down onto the couch. He gave up. The hell with it, with all of it. Other people had sex lives and love lives and met people and lived reasonably happily. Not he. He had had enough. He would put an end to this misery right now. He would take all the sleeping pills in the medicine cabinet. No; he didn’t have any sleeping pills. Gas, then. No; he had a microwave oven. A gun! He didn’t own one, and besides, what a lousy finale to his life, he needed that like a hole in the head. And what about this damn purse? He didn’t know why he’d taken it, revenge or rage or something.

He sorted through its contents and came upon a cuticle scissors, the kind with tiny curved blades, very sharp. Also a jar of nail polish, some lipstick, mascara, other cosmetics. Then the idea dawned on him, the idea which he knew would help give meaning to the whole shabby, unhappy farce that was his life. He would stage an exit that would create for him in death what he been unable to create for himself in life. Feeling almost happy now, Ronald telephoned Ms. Goodbod’s and spoke to the woman whose purse he had taken, having first checked for her name on her driver’s license. He told her to come pick up the purse after midnight. That gave him about twenty minutes.

First he put *Oscar Peterson Plays for Lovers* on the quad stereo. Then he lit candles, incense, and turned on every black light in the apartment. The erotic posters glowed with fluorescent life in dazzling greens, reds, yellows, and blues. Ronald mixed drinks at his mini-bar, poured some in several glasses, and distributed the glasses around the rooms. He turned on the bathtub water and poured in bubble bath and scented oil. He fluffed pillows and rolled joints and smoked

one of them. He also smoked a piece of hashish in a large eight-armed hookah in the center of his coffee table. He left ashes everywhere. From the kitchen, he got jars of honey, chocolate sauce, and Saucy Susan, and dribbled bits of each on the floor, on the bed, and in the bathroom; he left the jars by the bed. He splashed baby oil around the bedroom. He left clouds of honey dust and baby powder behind him as he ran from room to room. He placed a jar of Vaseline and a bunch of carrots on the night table. (“Let them figure it out,” he thought, and smiled.) He scattered his copies of *The Joy of Sex*, *More Joy*, *The Sex of Joy*, *More Sex*, *Still More Joy and Sex*, and the *Kama Sutra* around the apartment. He hid his copies of *How to Pick Up Girls*, *How to Make Love to a Single Girl*, *How to Make Love to a Married Girl*, *Where to Meet Girls*, *How to Talk to a Girl*, *How to Listen When a Single Girl Talks to You*, and *Show Me!* in the broom closet. He turned the record over, and stacked three more on the turntable.

Then he picked up the girl’s purse. Whistling a Mozart oboe concerto, he dabbed a little nail polish onto the cuticle scissors, and pricked his wrist

with it. Blood flowed, and the edge of the wound glistened pink with the polish. Perfect. Then more polish. And more wounds. He was bleeding profusely now. The telephone rang. Maybe it was Toni, or Jean, or David, or his mother. It didn’t matter now. *I’ll show them the kind of a guy I am.* He spilled some of the girl’s perfume on his shirt and ripped the cloth. He undid his pants and pulled them halfway off, and ripped the zipper. He hobbled over to the door to make sure it was unlocked. He scratched himself as hard as he could stand. With the lipstick he drew a red circle around the base of his penis. Then he realized he was losing strength from the loss of blood, and his consciousness was growing hazy. He staggered around the room, checking on final details. *Kleenex, where’s the Kleenex...?*

Then he was lying on the floor, and see, nobody interrupted this time. *I can hear them now, wow, this guy was torn to shreds by some mighty horny and determined women, he must have been some stud...Jeez, look at all this paraphernalia, yeah, well that’s what can happen to this kind of a guy, ha ha ha h—* □

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Mr. Elborne Whippet, Junior, bears a close, nay, precise resemblance to one Jeff Greenfield, a disgruntled politico-journalist of New York City.

Plains, Georgia—And so, once again, America has reached deep into the bowels of the American past, to grip firmly the effluvia which forms the foundation of our political existence.

Here, where decades ago the populace left village and farm for great metropoli; here, where Angles and Saxons dwelt side by side unshadowed by the darker hues of sweaty laborers with garlic on their breath, here, our people have plucked to their hearts a true son of that Jeffersonian spirit, a simple, soft-spoken American, one James Earl Carter, Jr., to guide them into the turbulent, uncharted seas of the twelve-hundredth fiscal quarter of our national existence.

For this correspondent, jaded by the material excesses of Washington, bored by the elaborate cuisine, the brilliant conversation, the sensual delights that our nation's capital bestows on its betters, a visit to the simple town of Plains, Georgia, home of the Carter family, was a revelation—a discovery once again that some of what was best in America still remains. The tow-headed, barefoot youths, fishing poles in hand, frolicking down to the old swimming hole, the craggy-faced, white-haired men whittling sticks down by the courthouse, the muscular ladies and gentlemen of color, heads swathed in handkerchiefs, voices raised in fulsome song, all spoke of a time one had thought long gone, yet perhaps still breathing in the heartland of America.

But what made this visit genuinely remarkable was a chance conversation with the man who built Plains, Georgia; and I speak here not figuratively, but literally. For after an evening of conversation and cocktails, Mr. Lester "Buddy" Conn told me the incredible tale of how he built Plains, Georgia, ten short years ago. Seated in his Plains Command Post, cleverly concealed fifty feet beneath a cotton field, swiveling about in his Eames chair and fingering his rhinestone Chai amulet, Buddy Conn explained how it all began.

"It was early in '67, I think; I'd just been laid off at Paramount after



twenty-four fuckin' years as the best fuckin' set designer in Tinseltown. I'd built towns from *High Noon* to *Bad Day at Black Rock*; from *3:10 to Yuma* to *Shane*. Well, I was feeling pretty fuckin' sorry for myself when I got a call from some pretty im-fuckin'-portant folks, and I'm not gonna say just who 'cause I like my head stuck on my fuckin' shoulders.

"Anyway, they said they'd done these computerized studies and charted some kind of fuckin' projection that America was gonna be hungerin' for roots and country-shit and all that stull long about the mid-seventies. You can see how it developed—the denim, the granola, all that crap.

"They told me they were gonna take some fuckin' guy out of UCLA—I think his real name was Murray Fleischbaum—and turn him into a president of the United Fuckin' States. Told me he had to come from a small town and I was the guy to build it. Then they told me what they'd pay me—and what they'd do if I said no. Three weeks later me, seven flatbed trucks, and 200 out-of-work movie actors moved in, and we've been here ever since."

Needless to say, I found this story incredible, until Buddy Conn pointed out to me that no one had ever photographed the Main Street of Plains, Georgia from behind—"and you'd know what'd happen if they fuckin' tried," he elaborated.

"Hell, man, it's all been worked out so well. Like the name? Six months of demographic research for Plains. It says it all—ordinary, nothin' fancy—reminds the midwest of the

Great Plains. It's all brilliant—like the candidate's name."

"Jimmy Carter?"

"Yeah—that's what Fleischbaum changed it to. See, Carter is like—well, down home, like the Carter family gospel singers and the little liver pills. But we had to be careful; we knew the Southern Baptist bit would dazzle the Wickers and the Moyers, but we had to throw in a little Dylan, a little Hunter Thompson, for the sophisticates. After that, it didn't take all that much—buying a seat in the Georgia fuckin' senate is like buying a snort in Bel Air. Then it was just a matter of plantin' some fuckin' graves, hiring the old lady who plays Jimmy's mother—"

"You mean," I said, "that marvelous woman is not the candidate's mother?"

"You shittin' me, Whippet?" Mr. Conn said. "Fleischbaum's mother would rip the balls off Moby Dick. One look at that broad, with the migraines and the geschreing, and we'd of wound up owing votes in Iowa."

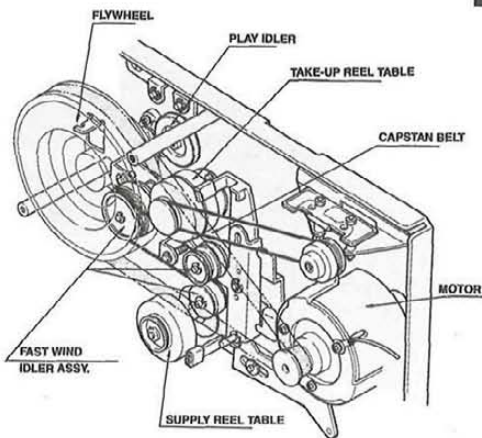
Mr. Conn finished the evening, shortly before ingesting a special nasal decongestant and banging his head sharply against the wall, by explaining that even Carter's ambiguity on the issues was intentional.

"See, we knew the fuckin' press cold, baby, ice-cold. They need *some-thing* to whine about. So we figured—if Fleischbaum—I mean, Carter—is fuzzy on the issues, they'll spend all their time studying his positions on some fuckin' yawn-o like poverty and never check into whether he's fuzzy about his fuckin' life."

This correspondent left the sleepy, uniquely American town of Plains, Georgia, oddly reassured about the infinite resilience of American political life. For what other people, having lost their last ties with the roots of the past, would use all the incredible resources of the present to construct, at such cost and labor, the living symbol of what they wish to still be, yet are no more? What other people would seek so sincerely to find the source of that goodness, that Yankee-Rebel ingenuity, which can rekindle the flame of hope that has now become of the ash of despair, but which may yet again turn into the spark of affirmation as we celebrate the fifteenth Bar Mitzvah of our national circumcision? □



The component look.

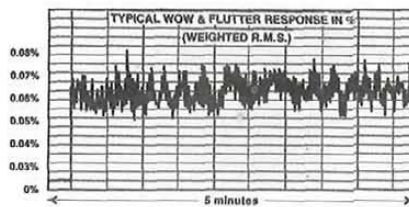


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